MYTHS·OF·TH·
RED·CHILDREN

BY·GILBERT·L·WILSON

ILLUSTRATED

428
THE NORMAL SCHOOL
KEENE, N. H.

ال

"WHA-A-AH!" HE ROARED. "IT IS THE DEATH GHOST!"

MYTHS OF THE RED CHILDREN

RETOLD BY

GILBERT L. WILSON, Ph.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK N. WILSON

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THE NORMAL SCHOOL

KEENE, N. H.

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FOREWORD

All American children listen with delight to our fine old English fairy tales. Few of us, even of maturer years, do not own a kindly feeling for Cinderella or heroic Jack of the Bean Stalk.

But these tales were brought to us from Europe, and they have never wholly lost the marks of their foreign origin. Who has not longed for a fairy lore of our own — one native to our broad America.

Such a lore we have. Among our Indian tribes still lingers a rich body of myth and folk tale, breathing all the freshness of our rugged forests and mountains.

These tales have dignity. Like every barbarian, the Indian peopled the world with wonder-folk — gods and monsters, ghosts and spirits. His myths, therefore, give us a glimpse into his thought. They are his oral literature, the wisdom of the elder-men, handed down by mouth.

Many myths are sacred and were believed as firmly as white children believe the beautiful story of Joseph. Others were told to amuse, or, like fables, were made to teach morals to the young.

The long winter evenings were the season for story-telling. About the lodge fire then gathered men and women, youths and maidens. Reverently they listened as some aged story-teller rehearsed the doings of the gods.

The myths in this little volume have been chosen for their quaintness and beauty. They are taken from the lore of several tribes.

Let us hope they will give to little reading folk a kindly feeling for a noble but vanishing race.

One of the objects in collecting these stories is to help children learn to read. All little folk enjoy simple, imaginative tales, and what they enjoy they will read.

The stories contain much information about Indian life and customs that is of value to an American child. Many pages of our history become plainer to one who knows something of Indian life.

A brief explanatory note accompanies every story. It is intended that each note shall explain some custom or belief of Indian life or some fact of woodcraft mentioned in the story.

Children are natural mimics and keenly enjoy dramatic interpretation. The reading of the myths may be supplemented by a simple dramatization. Make a tepee, after directions on page 132, large enough for a

child to enter; set up in a convenient corner; hang an iron pot before, on a simple tripod of three sticks.

In the preparation of these stories the author claims no credit but that of rewriting them for little folk's tastes. The stories are true examples of Indian folk-lore, and are very old. The following sources and authorities are acknowledged: Frank H. Cushing's *Zuñi Folk Tales*, for "Little Ugly Boy," "The Turkey Maiden"; Charles G. Leland's *Algonquin Legends of New England*, for "Wuchowson the Wind Blower," "Glooskap and the Winter Giant," "The Magic Wigwam," "Why the Baby says 'Goo'," "The Good Giants"; Silas Rand's *Micmac Legends*, for "Little Scar Face"; "Omaha and Ponka Texts," translated by James Dorsey (Vol. VI, *Contributions to North American Ethnology*), for "Why Turkeys have Red Eyes," "The Sun Man and the Moon," "How the Little Rabbit snared the Sun," "The Little Fawn"; Schoolcraft's *Hiawatha Myths*, for "The Fisher who let out Summer"; W. W. Canfield's *Legends of the Iroquois*, for "Old Winter Man and the Spring Maiden"; J. W. Powell, in *First Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, for "The Rainbow Snake"; Mrs. E. A. Smith, in *Second Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, for

"The Flying Head"; James Mooney's "Myths of the Cherokee," in *Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, for "The Little Ice Man," "The Wren."

Acknowledgment is also made of the courtesy of Mr. J. D. Allen, of Mandan; of the late Honorable J. V. Brower, of St. Paul; of Mr. E. R. Steinbrueck, Field Officer of the State Historical Society of North Dakota; and of the kindly help of many humble Indian friends among the Standing Rock and Fort Berthold Reservation bands.

Illustrations in this volume are by the author's brother, Mr. Frederick N. Wilson. Care has been taken to make the drawings archeologically correct for each tribe.

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MYTHS OF THE RED CHILDREN

I

LITTLE UGLY BOY

A long time ago in Eagle village lived an old woman and her little grandson. The little boy was very ugly. His skin was of the color of blue paint. His eyes were crooked and squinting. His nose was twisted over to one side. On his head grew ugly red things like red peppers.

He was so ugly that no one liked to look at him. Even the village children would not have him for a playmate.

"Go away, little Ugly Boy!" they would say. "We do not like to play with you. You are too ugly."

At that time the people of Eagle village ate piñon nuts and grass seeds. They dried the nuts in heaps and put them away in store-rooms built of stone. The grass seeds they ground up into meal.

ZUÑI GIRL GRINDING MEAL

Near the village stood the nut trees in a grove, and there the grass seeds also grew. But one year, when the time came for the nuts and seeds to ripen, no one dared go to gather them.

A wicked old Bear had come down from the mountains and had his den in a thicket near the grove. Whenever any one went out to gather nuts or seeds the Bear would come roaring out of his den. Some of the people

he killed. Others he hurt or drove away. Everybody was afraid of him.

One day little Ugly Boy came into the house feeling hungry. His grandmother was sitting on the floor making clay pots.

"Grandmother, I am going out to gather nuts and grass seeds," he said.

ZUÑI POTTERY

"O grandson, do not do that! The wicked Bear will catch you! He will eat you up!" cried his grandmother.

But little Ugly Boy was not afraid. He put a basket on his back and went out to the place where the nut trees grew.

The ripe nuts had fallen from the trees until they covered the ground. Little Ugly Boy sat down on the grass to eat some of the nuts. He cracked the shells with his teeth and munched the rich kernels. They were very sweet.

Suddenly there came a crashing through the trees. Little Ugly Boy looked up. There was the wicked old Bear coming straight at him.

"Woof!" roared the Bear. "What are you doing in my grass patch? What are you doing among my nut trees?"

"I am eating nuts," said little Ugly Boy. He was not a bit afraid.

"You must go away! These nuts are mine," growled the Bear.

"No, they are not yours; they are mine," said little Ugly Boy.

This made the Bear angry.

"Yes, they are mine! If you do not go I will tear you to pieces! I am bigger and braver than you," he roared.

"No, they are not yours, and you are *not* braver than I am," said little Ugly Boy, laughing.

"Yes, I am braver," roared the Bear.

"No, you are not," said little Ugly Boy, "and I shall prove it. Let us try to scare

one another. First you try to scare me, then I will try to scare you. The one who scares the other shall have the nuts and grass seeds."

The Bear laughed very much when he heard this.

"Ha, ha!" he roared. "Think of a little fellow like you scaring *me!* Indeed, I am very willing to try."

So little Ugly Boy sat on the ground eating nuts, while the Bear ran away and hid again in his den.

After a while there came a loud roar from the thicket. The Bear rushed out and came crashing through the trees straight at little Ugly Boy.

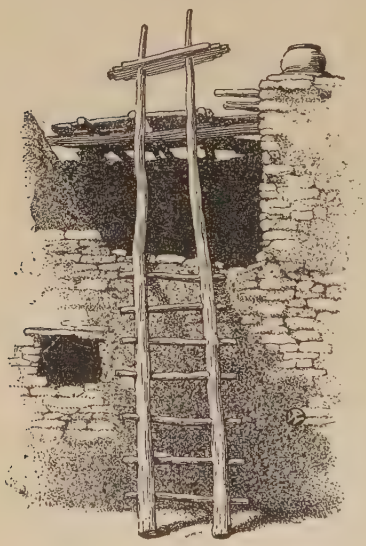
"Wha-a-ah!" he roared. "Woof! I'll eat you up! I'll eat you up!"

As he ran he tossed great clouds of dust in the air. He broke off branches and knocked over young trees with his paws.

But little Ugly Boy only laughed. He was not afraid.

The Bear was surprised.

"Little Ugly Boy, you are brave," he growled. "I did not scare you a bit. Now run away and see if you can scare *me*."



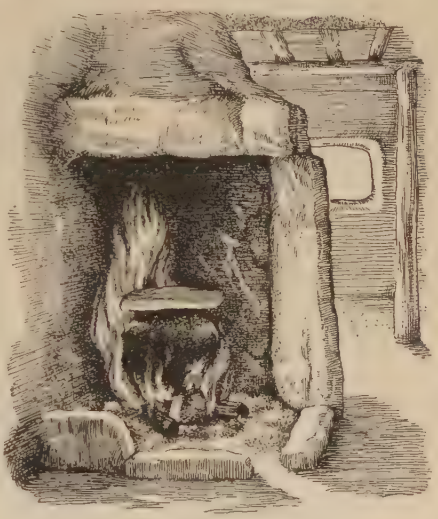
ZUÑI LADDER

Little Ugly Boy ran home again as the Bear bade him. His grandmother still sat on the floor, making clay pots. As he came down the ladder from the roof, he called out to her: "Grandmother, the wicked Bear tried to scare me, but I was not afraid. Now I shall try to scare him. Come and paint my face; make me look terrible."

"Yes, grandson, I will do as you say," answered his grandmother.

She put away the clay pots and went over to the fireplace. Here she made a little heap

of ashes and drew some soot out of the chimney. With the soot she painted one side of little Ugly Boy's face a deep black. The other side she painted white with ashes. When she had finished his face was terrible.



ZUÑI FIREPLACE

She then gave him an old stone ax.

"Grandson, take this ax," she said. "It is magic. If you strike anything with it the ground will rumble and shake. Everybody will be frightened."

Little Ugly Boy took the stone ax and ran again to the place where the nut trees grew.

The Bear was sitting on the ground eating nuts. Little Ugly Boy ran at him, crying,

"*He! he! he! he! he! he! tooh!*"

As he ran he struck a hollow tree with his stone ax. The tree split and fell down with

ZUÑI CHIMNEY

a crash. The earth heaved and shook. Rocks rolled about upon the ground. The wicked

old Bear jumped straight up into the air. He thought the earth was going to sink under him.

Then he saw little Ugly Boy's face. One half was painted black with soot, and the other half white with ashes. The Bear had never seen such a terrible sight.

STONE AX

Little Ugly Boy struck another tree with his stone ax. There was an awful rumble. The ground shook as if it would fly to pieces.

Little Ugly Boy was now quite close to the Bear. Once more he struck a tree with his stone ax.

At once there was a terrible earthquake. Trees fell down upon the ground. Rivers rose out of their beds and overflowed their banks. Mountains shook as if they would topple over.

The wicked old Bear was so frightened that he fell down and rolled upon his back. He was scared almost to death.

"Wha-a-ah!" he roared. "It is the Death Ghost! If I do not run away he will kill me." And he jumped to his feet and ran back to the mountains as fast as he could run.

Little Ugly Boy filled his basket with nuts and grass seeds and went back home again. He was very happy.

"Grandmother," he cried, "I scared the wicked old Bear. He was terribly frightened. He ran back again to the mountains!"

Then he went up to the roof of the house and called out: "Ho, you people of Eagle village! Now you can gather nuts and grass seeds. The wicked old Bear has gone. I frightened him away with my stone ax."

II

WHY TURKEYS HAVE RED EYES

In a thicket on a river bank stood the lodge of a little gray Rabbit. His father and mother were dead and his old Rabbit grandmother kept house for him. They were very poor. Often they had hardly enough to eat.

One day they sat down to dinner very hungry. All they had to eat was a little handful of parched corn.

"Grandmother, this will not do. I must go hunting and kill some meat," said the little Rabbit.

His grandmother smiled at this.

"Grandson, you are too little. You are not big enough to hunt game," she said.

OTO LODGE, OR TEPEE

But the little Rabbit took his game bag and started bravely over the prairie. By and by he

saw a flock of Turkeys. They were feeding among some arrow weeds.

"Oho!" thought the little Rabbit; "how fat the Turkeys are! But how shall I catch them?"

He sat down on the ground awhile and thought. At last he took off his robe and filled it full of dry grass. He then rolled it up into a bundle.

PAINTED ROBE

"Perhaps now I can catch the Turkeys," he said.

He put the bundle on his back and began to run. As he came near, the Turkeys raised their heads up out of the weeds. They were surprised to see him running with a bundle on his back.

"Ho, little brother! why are you running so fast?" asked an old Turkey.

"Because the villagers are going to give a dance. They wish me to sing for them. I am in a great hurry. The songs are in this bundle on my back," answered the little Rabbit.

WILD TURKEY

"Oho! he says he has songs. How wonderful!" gobbled all the Turkeys.

Then they called out to the little Rabbit: "Little brother, come and sing for us. We, too, wish to dance."

"But I have not time. I am in a great hurry," answered the little Rabbit.

"No, no! do not go! Sing for us, — only a little while," cried all the Turkeys.

"Very well, I will sing for you a little while; but you must hasten. Come, all of you, and stand around me," said the little Rabbit.

All the Turkeys came and stood in a circle around the little gray Rabbit. When all were ready the little Rabbit said: "I will sit in the middle and sing. You, who are fat, must pass close to me as you dance. But you must all shut your eyes; if you open them your eyes will be red!"

DANCING INDIAN

All the Turkeys shut their eyes and began to dance in a circle around the little Rabbit. As they danced he sang:

"Alas for him who looks!
Eyes will be red; eyes will be red!
Flirt your tails out widely!"

But as the fat Turkeys went by, the little Rabbit knocked them down and put them into his game bag.

At last a young Turkey grew tired of holding his eyes shut. He opened one eye a little and looked around. The little Rabbit was just putting a fat Turkey into his bag. At once the young Turkey began to scream:

"Look ye! look ye!
The Rabbit is killing us!
Look ye! look ye!"

At this all the Turkeys opened their eyes and flew away with a great noise.

When the little Rabbit came home he was quite proud of what he had done. He gave the bag of Turkeys to his grandmother and said: "Grandmother, here is a bag full of game. Watch it while I go for some sticks to make spits. But do not open the bag."

The little Rabbit then went out after the spits. While he was gone his grandmother

watched the bag of game. But she wished very much to know what was inside.

"Surely it will do no harm to look," she said at last. "I will open the bag only a little bit."

She untied the string about the mouth of the bag. At once the Turkeys burst out, screaming and flapping their great wings.

GRAY RABBIT, OR COTTONTAIL

They knocked the old Rabbit grandmother down on the floor. Then they all flew out through the smoke hole. The old grandmother sprang up but caught only one small Turkey by the legs.

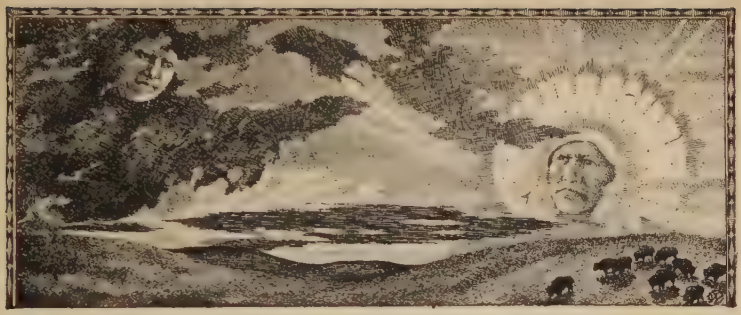
When the little gray Rabbit came home again he was angry.

"Grandmother, I told you not to open the bag! Now we shall have only one small Turkey to eat," he cried.

"It is even so, grandson," she said, weeping.

So the little Rabbit and his grandmother sat down with only one small Turkey between them.

Ever since then, the Indians say, Turkeys have had red eyes. This is because they opened their eyes when the little gray Rabbit sang for them.



III

THE SUN MAN AND THE MOON

In his yellow earth lodge,
By the prairie wide,
Lived the golden Sun Man,
With his shining bride.
And his lovely bride wife—
Could you ever guess?—
Was the gentle Moon Squaw,
In her silver dress.

From his yellow earth lodge,
With the morning light,
Came the golden Sun Man,
Shining round and bright;

And the hunters hastened,
Some to chase the deer,
Some to slay the antelope,
Buffalo, or bear.

When the falling twilight
Deepened o'er the plain,
And the silver Moon Squaw
Softly shone again,
Home the hunters hastened,
East and north and west,
Rolled them in their bison robes
And lay down to rest.

This the golden Sun Man
Did not like a bit;
Hot he grew and angry
When he thought of it.
"Ho! you wicked Moon Squaw!"
To his wife he cried;
"Do not call my hunters back
From the prairies wide!"

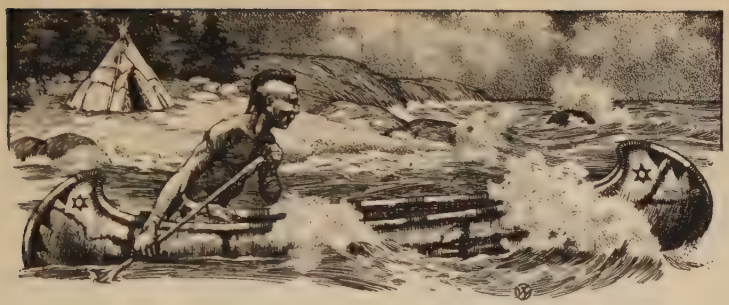
Said the gentle Moon Squaw,
"Do not chase away
All my silver sky stars
With your yellow day!
When the night to slumber
Calls the Indian men,
Do not shine each morning,
And waken them again."

But the angry Sun Man
Hot and hotter grew;
Straight his leather moccasin
At his wife he threw.
"Ho! you wicked Moon Squaw!
I will climb the sky,
O'er the earth, a light for men,
Shining bright and high."

Laughed the silver Moon Squaw:
"Everywhere you go
In the starry sky path
I will follow too.

Though the day shall summon
The hunters to the plain,
I will come with darkness
And call them back again."

Still the golden Sun Man
In the sky is seen;
Every day he summons
The hunters to the plain;
But the silver Moon Squaw
Follows in his path,
Calls the hunters home again
Laughing at his wrath.



IV

WUCHOWSON[1] THE WIND BLOWER

An Indian had his wigwam near the sea, at a place where there was good fishing. He often went out in his canoe and speared fish, or caught them in his nets.

When fall came and the geese were flying South, the weather grew windy. A gale arose on the sea, and the waves roared and foamed against the shore. The Indian had never seen it blow so hard in his life.

Day after day went by, but still it blew. The wind howled and the waves rolled like mountains.

[1] Wu̱ chow'so̱n.

Each morning the Indian dragged his canoe down to the water's edge and made ready his nets; but he could neither paddle nor steer his canoe in such a gale. He became quite vexed at last.

"It is Wuchowson the Wind Blower who does this," he said. "He is fanning the wind

WILD GEESE

with his wings. I will ask him not to move his wings so fast. Then the waves will go down and I can spear fish once more."

He put away his nets, took his bow and some pemmican,[1] and started off. After many

[1] Pĕm'mĭ kan.

weeks he came to the place in the North where Wuchowson lives.

Here he saw a tall rock rising up at the edge of the sky. On the rock sat Wuchowson. His broad wings were spread like two clouds, and when he swept them through the air the wind howled and roared and rushed out over the sea.

EAGLE

Wuchowson was a great white eagle, taller than a hill. The Indian climbed to the top of the rock where the great eagle sat. He spoke boldly to Wuchowson.

"Ho, Wind Blower!" he said; "do not move your wings so fast. The wind raises the waves so that I cannot paddle my canoe nor use my nets."

But Wuchowson looked down at the Indian and laughed. He swept his broad wings through the air and the wind roared louder than ever. Then he said: "Go away! I do not care if the wind does blow the waves. Long before men went upon the sea I moved my wings and screamed."

FISH SPEAR

This made the Indian quite angry. His eyes glinted like fire.

"Very well, Wind Blower," he cried; "I will tie your wings so that you cannot move them."

He threw the great eagle down upon his back, tied his wings with ropes, and dragged him to a dark place between two rocks. There the Indian left him and went home.

He was quite happy when he came to his wigwam. He could now go out in his canoe and fish whenever he liked. The wind had died and there was a calm.

But by and by a change came over the sea. The water grew foul and stagnant. A thick white scum spread over all its surface.

Many fishes died and floated upon the water. The Indian could not even go out upon the sea in his canoe. He could not push his paddle through the thick scum.

At last he left his wigwam and set out again for the North. After many weeks he came to the place where Wuchowson lay.

He lifted the great eagle out of the dark place and set him again on the tall rock. Then he loosed one of the Wind Blower's wings. The other wing he left tied as before.

Wuchowson began to move his great wing and the wind blew once more. Soon the thick scum went away from the sea.

But the winds never blow so hard now, for Wuchowson can move only one of his wings.

V

THE LITTLE ICE MAN

An Indian village stood by a deep forest. It was a large village and had a council house. A spring bubbled out of the ground near by, and a tall poplar tree rose in the forest beyond.

Autumn came; the winds blew, and the ground in the forest was covered with leaves. The Indians fetched coals and set fire to the dry leaves to burn out the brush.

But the flames spread and many forest trees were burned. The wind blew sparks and burning leaves into the poplar tree until its branches caught fire. The smoke was thick and black.

The Indians came out and watched the poplar burn. The hot flames roared through the thick tree top. One by one the branches fell, until only the trunk was left. It, too, came down at last with a crash.

The Indians were glad when they saw the trunk fall. They were afraid their village might be set on fire by flying sparks.

"The tree has fallen; now the fire will die," they cried.

But the fire did not die. The roots of the tree still burned, and the fire went into the ground. A deep pit opened in the place where the trunk had stood. From the pit came flame and hot smoke.

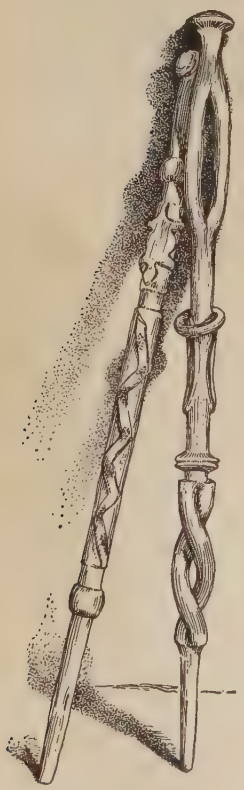
The Indians became frightened. They thought the world was going to burn up.

"Let us pour water on the fire; if the pit grows, the world will burn," they cried.

The women carried water from the spring in kettles and poured it into the pit. Clouds of hot steam arose, but the fire burned on as before.

"Fetch more kettles! Pour on more water!" cried the Indians.

The women ran to the village for more kettles. Young girls brought bowls and clay pots and all poured water into the pit. But the fire burned, hot as ever.



OLD MEN'S WALKING STICKS (Dakota Indians)

The Indians became more and more frightened. The pit was growing and the fire was coming close to their village. Their chief called them to a council in the council house.

"What shall we do?" he asked. "If the fire is not put out the world will burn. We shall all die."

He sat down, and there was silence in the council. At last an old man arose at a place near the door. He was old

and thin, and he had to lean on a stick as he spoke.

"I will tell you what to do," he said. "Go to the little Ice Man. He lives in the North in a wigwam of ice. He will know how to put out the fire."

MOCCASINS

The Indians had never heard of the Ice Man and his wigwam. Some laughed, thinking the old man was foolish; but their chief said to him: "Grandfather, we will do as you say. We will choose three swift runners. They shall go to the Ice Man and ask him to put out the fire."

So the Indians chose three young men who were swift runners and said to them: "Go to the Ice Man. Tell him of the pit and ask him to put out the big fire."

The three young men put on new moccasins and hastened away. All day and all that night they ran. On the next day they came to the North where the Ice Man lives.

Here they found a great wigwam made of ice. It was roofed like a cabin. A thick bearskin hung over the door.

The young men pushed the bearskin aside and went in. They found the Ice Man sitting on the floor on a mat.

He was a funny-looking little man. His hair hung over his shoulders in two braids. His face was wrinkled and his skin was puckered like old leather. But he had kind eyes.

He looked up, smiling, as the young men entered, and made a place for them by the fire.

"Come and sit on the other side of the fire, away from the door," he said.

They sat down and the Ice Man gave them his pipe to smoke. When they were rested the eldest of the young men spoke.

"Grandfather, near our village is a fire. It is in a pit. Each day the pit grows deeper and we fear the world will burn. We have come to ask you to put out the fire."

For a while the Ice Man did not answer. He took his pipe again and sat on the mat, smoking. At last he laid the pipe down upon the floor.

"I will put out the fire," he said.

As he spoke he began to unplait the braids of his hair. When the ends were loose he took them up in his hand and struck them over his open palm.

At once a cold wind began to blow. It seemed to come from the ends of the loose hair.

The Ice Man struck his palm a second time and rain began to fall.

When he struck his palm the third time sleet fell with the rain. Colder grew the air, and the floor of the wigwam became wet and icy with the sleet.

But the Ice Man had not done. Once more he struck his palm with the loose hair.

The rain now turned to hail; the wind moaned; the walls of the wigwam creaked and groaned; hailstones as big as owls' eggs rolled upon the floor.

The Ice Man looked at the three young men and smiled.

"Go home," he said. "When you come to your village wait for me. You will hear me in the storm."

The young men hastened home and told the villagers what the Ice Man had said. The next day all came out and stood near the burning pit.

In a little while a black cloud came up in the North and overspread the sky. Overhead the wind whistled and moaned. The fire in the pit burned fiercer than ever.

Cold rain and sleet then began to fall. The raindrops sputtered as they fell in the hot fire.

Suddenly with the rain there came a fierce storm of hail. The Indians covered their

heads and ran shouting to their wigwams; hailstones as big as owls' eggs were falling from the sky.

Harder and harder fell the hail. The fire in the pit roared and white steam went up in clouds. A whirlwind drove the hailstones into every corner of the burning pit.

At last the storm ceased; the clouds rolled away; the sun shone again and the Indians came out of their wigwams.

In the place where the pit had been there was a wide lake.

The Indians came and stood on the shore of the lake. Deep under the water they heard a sound.

Hiss-s-s it went, as if some one were pouring water on a hot fire.

VI

GLOOSKAP[1] AND THE WINTER GIANT

There once lived a man whose name was Glooskap. He kept two tame wolves about his wigwam. One wolf was white like day; the other was black like night. Glooskap called them his hunting dogs.

WOLF

He often took them out with him to hunt, when he would say to them, "Dogs, grow big!" At once the two wolves would grow as big as bears.

When he had done hunting, Glooskap would say, "Dogs, grow small!" and the

[1] Gloōs'käp.

wolves would become small as before.

Glooskap's wigwam stood alone, for he did not like to dwell near other people. His old grandmother cooked for him and mended his moccasins.

CARIBOU, OR NORTHERN DEER

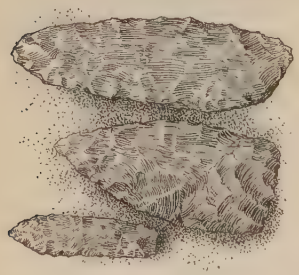
One day he came home with a fat deer on his shoulders. He threw the deer on the ground before the door and went into the wigwam. His grandmother was stirring a pot of fat on the fire.

EARTHEN COOKING POT

"Here, grandmother," he cried, "I have brought you some meat. I am tired of staying in the wigwam; I am going off on a journey."

He put a knife in his belt, took his bow, and went out without saying another word. His grandmother stopped stirring the fat and watched him as he went out of the door.

"My grandson is brave, — he will do something wonderful," she said; and she began to stir the fat again over the fire.



FLINT KNIVES

When Glooskap left the wigwam he set off toward the North. It was summer when he started, but after a time the air began to grow colder, the forest leaves turned red and fell to the ground, and the rivers froze hard with ice. Glooskap had to put on snow-shoes, for the ground had become covered with snow.

He came at last to the far North, where he saw a tall wigwam standing alone in the snow. Snowdrifts were piled about its sides and a white bearskin hung over the door. Glooskap

lifted the bearskin and looked in. There sat a great giant inside.

The giant was old. Deep wrinkles were in his face, and his hair was white like snow. Glooskap wondered who he was.

"Grandfather, who are you?" he asked.

"I am Winter; I bring the snow and ice," answered the giant.

TOBACCO

He then invited Glooskap to come into the wigwam.

Glooskap stooped his head under the bearskin and went in. The giant gave him a seat beside the fire and filled a pipe with sweet tobacco. As they smoked, the giant told wonderful tales of olden times. Glooskap was astonished.

"Wonderful! I never heard such strange stories," he cried.

But as the giant talked a change came over Glooskap. He grew chilled; his head began to nod; his eyes closed; the pipe fell out of his mouth.

He rolled over at last and lay on the floor like a fat, sleepy toad. The Winter Giant had charmed him to sleep.

TOAD

For six months he lay on the giant's floor. The charm then left him and Glooskap awoke. He was angry when he found what the giant had done.

"The Winter Giant has mocked me; but perhaps I shall mock him," he thought.

Then he said aloud to the giant, "Grandfather, I must be going." And he left the wigwam and went away toward the South.

For weeks he journeyed on, until he came to the Summer country, where strange little men were dancing under the trees. They were

the Little People of the South. As they danced they shook rattles and sang.

The Summer Woman was their queen. A wee little woman she was, scarcely taller than a warrior's foot. All the little men loved her and obeyed her.

TURTLE-SHELL RATTLE

Glooskap was glad when he saw the little Summer Woman.

"I will steal her and take her away with me; then I can mock the Winter Giant," he thought.

He went into the forest, killed a moose, and cut its skin into a long string. This he wound into a ball and came again to the place where the little men were dancing.

When her people were not looking, Glooskap caught up the little queen and ran off with her. As he ran he unwound the moose-string ball and let the loose end drag behind him.

The little men were terribly angry. They shouted shrill cries and ran after Glooskap,

hoping to catch him. Soon they found the end of the moose-skin string which he had dropped.

"Let us pull at the string! It is tied to Glooskap. Thus we shall stop him," they cried.

So all the little men pulled stoutly at the moose-skin string, thinking they were pulling Glooskap; but they were only unwinding the ball.

Once more Glooskap came to the Winter Giant's wigwam. The giant welcomed him, for he hoped to charm Glooskap again; but this time Glooskap had the little Summer Woman hid under his coat.

As before, he went into the wigwam and sat down. Again the giant gave him a pipe full of sweet tobacco. As they smoked, Glooskap told wonderful tales to the giant.

By and by a change came over the giant. Sweat ran down his face; his voice grew weak; his legs trembled; water ran out of his eyes.

At last he fell down on the floor and melted away. The wigwam fell in and melted, too. Nothing was left of it but a bare place on the ground.

The snow melted and ran into the rivers. Grass and flowers came out of the ground. Everything was beautiful, for spring had come.

And all the little men came, too. They had followed the moose-skin string which Glooskap had let fall behind him.

Glooskap gave the little Summer Woman back to them, and the little men danced and sang once more.

Then Glooskap went back to his home.

VII

THE FISHER WHO LET OUT SUMMER

I. The Red Squirrel

A Fisher had his wigwam on the shore of a lake. It was a good place for winter camping. There were fish to be caught through the ice, and the waters of the lake were sweet to drink. In the forest near by were many deer.

While her husband hunted, the Fisher's wife watched the fire and cared for their little son. The little boy was just old enough to hunt small game.

One day the little boy's father brought home a bow and a small quiver of arrows.

"Little son," he said, "you must learn how to hunt. Take this bow. In the forest are birds and squirrels. Go and shoot them with your arrows."

The little boy was quite proud to own a bow. Every day, as his father bade him, he went into the forest to hunt birds.

FISHER OR PENNANT'S MARTEN

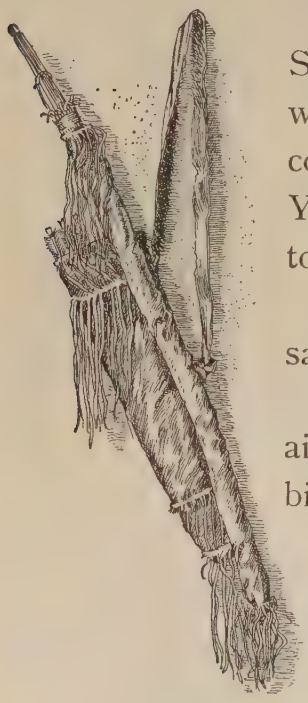
But it was bitter cold in the forest. Deep snow was on the ground, and many of the birds had flown away. Often the little boy came home with his fingers almost frozen.

One evening he came back weeping. He had seen no birds, and he was chilled and cold.

As he came in sight of the wigwam a red Squirrel ran into his path. The boy raised his bow to shoot.

"Little brother, little brother, do not shoot me!" cried the Squirrel.

The little boy put down his bow. He was surprised to hear the Squirrel speak.



BOW AND QUIVER

"Little brother," said the Squirrel, "I know why you weep. It is because you are cold and have seen no birds. You must ask your father to let out summer."

"Why should I do that?" said the little boy.

"If summer is here the air will be warm and the birds will come again. Nuts will grow on the trees and I shall then have something to eat," answered the Squirrel.

The little boy did not know what to think of this. He went home wondering what it could mean.

Before it was dark the Fisher came in from hunting. When the little boy saw his father he began to weep again.

"Little son, what is the matter?" asked the Fisher.

"Father, I am cold, and I have seen no birds. I want you to let out summer. Then the air will be warm and the birds will come again," answered the little boy.

RED, OR PINE, SQUIRREL

The Fisher sat and thought. He drew a pipe from his pouch and smoked it a long time. At last he spoke: "Little son, do not weep. I will try to let out summer; but it will be no easy thing to do."

II. The Big Head

The next day the Fisher made a feast in his wigwam and invited five friends. They were

the Otter, the Beaver, the Lynx, the Badger, and the Wolverine.

The friends came, each bringing a wooden bowl and a spoon. The Fisher's wife had roasted a fat bear, and the feast lasted all day.

BUFFALO-HORN SPOONS

When evening came the Fisher pushed aside his bowl and said: "My friends, I am going to the sky country to let out summer. Come with me. The journey is long, but you are brave and will not fear to go."

The friends thought for a while before they answered. Then the Otter spoke: "We will go. We are not afraid."

They started the next morning. The Fisher led; the others followed, stepping in his tracks. For days they went on, hardly stopping to eat or sleep. On the twentieth day they came to the foot of a high mountain.

Here they found tracks of moccasins in the snow. The hard crust was trampled down and blood lay on the ground, as if some one had killed a deer.

The friends stopped. They had no wish to climb the mountain, for evening was already near. None of them knew which way to go.

"Let us follow the tracks," said the Fisher at last.

He started off as the tracks led, and the others followed. They soon came to a bark wigwam hidden in a hollow.

OTTER

As they drew near, a queer-looking man came to the door. He was like a big, ugly head, with neither arms nor hands. Crooked teeth stood in his mouth and he had fierce eyes. But he spoke kindly to the friends.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL
KEENE, N. H.

"Come into my wigwam," he said. "I will cook you some meat, and you can sleep to-night on my bearskins."

They went in, and the Big Head fetched from a corner a large wooden bowl. He put in some meat and set the bowl on the fire like a kettle. The fire did it no harm.

When the meat had boiled, the Big Head took the bowl from the fire and set it before the friends. They wondered to see him do this without arms or hands. He moved so quickly that they did not see how he lifted the bowl.

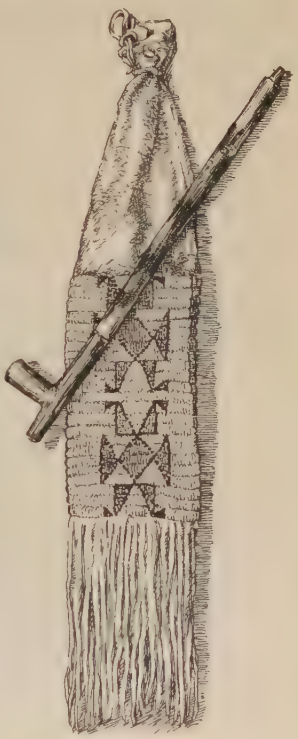
But he looked queer, stumping about on his short legs. His big, ugly face made so many odd motions that the Otter could not keep from laughing. This angered the Big Head.

"You wicked Otter, how dare you laugh at me!" he screamed. And he sprang on the Otter's neck to strangle him.

Over they rolled, fighting and struggling fiercely. It was well for the Otter that his

fur was sleek. Stretching his long body, he wriggled out between the Big Head's legs and ran out of the door into the night.

The Fisher and his four friends stayed all night in the wigwam. Early the next morning they made ready to go. The Big Head then said to them: "I know you are going to the sky country to let out summer. Do not fear. Journey for twenty days more, until you come to the top of a high mountain. You will then be near the sky."



PIPE AND TOBACCO POUCH

The friends thanked him and went on. A little way from the wigwam they found the Otter. He had slept in the snow and was nigh dead with hunger.

The Fisher had some of the meat which the Big Head had given him. This he gave to the Otter and all went on through the snow.

III. The Sky Country

On the twentieth day they came again to a high mountain, and reached the top after a hard climb. Here they rested awhile. The Fisher drew his pipe from its pouch and gave it to his friends to smoke. At last he arose.

BEAVER

"Who will break a hole in the sky?" he asked.

"I will," cried the Otter; "I know how to jump."

He stood, bent his lithe body, and leaped. High up he went, like a black arrow; but he did not reach the sky. In a moment he fell

back, and rolled down the side of the mountain stunned. When he opened his eyes his head swam and he was aching in every bone.

"Let others break the sky; I have enough!" he cried, as he limped home over the snow.

The Fisher and his four friends were still on the top of the mountain.

LYNX

"Let me try to break the sky," said the Beaver.

He bent his back like a great bow and leaped upward; but he went only a little higher than the Otter had gone.

Then the Lynx and the Badger tried. They, too, could not reach the sky. Only the Wolverine was left.

"Let me try; my father taught me how to jump," he cried.

He humped his back, put his nose in the air, and leaped. High overhead he went, until he looked like a black speck among the clouds. In a little while he fell back; but he had touched the sky with his head.

Again he leaped. This time he struck the sky and cracked it. When he leaped the third time he passed through, breaking a great hole.

BADGER

The Fisher then leaped up after him, and the two friends found themselves in the sky country. It was a good land. There were mountains and rivers and bright grasses. The white sun shone overhead and the air was warm and sweet. Everywhere was the soft, beautiful summer.

A little way off stood a village of wigwams. Thither the two friends now made their way.

They found the villagers gone, but in the wigwams hung wooden cages full of many kinds of birds. The Fisher thought of his little son.

"If I break the cages the birds will fly down to earth," he said.

All this time the warm air was pouring out of the sky. It made a loud noise as it rushed through the great hole. This alarmed the villagers. They all came running home to see what it was that made the noise.

WOLVERINE

The Wolverine saw them coming and leaped through the hole to the top of the mountain again. The Fisher stayed to let out the birds.

At last all the cages were broken and he, too, ran to the big hole. But the villagers had closed it; they did not want the warm air to

quit the sky, for they feared winter would then come into the sky country.

That, too, is why we have summer only part of the year. Had no one closed the hole, all the warm air would have left the sky and we should have summer every month.

The villagers were fiercely angered when they saw the Fisher.

"There he is — he who broke our sky! Kill him! kill him!" they cried. And they began to shoot at him with their arrows.

He fled far to the North. Near the end of the sky he climbed a tree and tried to hide in its thick branches. The villagers came below and shot upward through the tree top. Toward evening one of them wounded the Fisher in the tail. Then they left him.

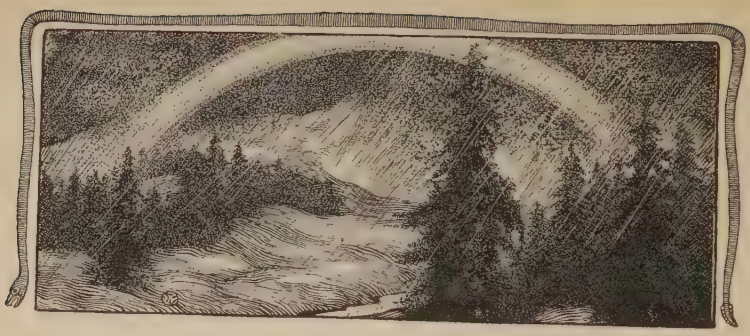
Night had come, and all was still, when the Fisher climbed down from the tree. He was faint and bleeding. He crept a little way, staggered, and fell upon his side.

"I am dying," he whispered; "but my little son will be happy. I have let out summer. Now the snow will go, and birds will come again into the forest."

In the morning the villagers found him lying on the sky. He was dead.

"Let him lie," they said; "he shall be a warning to men. Then they will not try again to come into our sky."

When the night is bright the Fisher may still be seen among the stars. The arrow is sticking in his tail.



VIII

THE RAINBOW SNAKE

Have you heard of the beautiful Rainbow Snake
Whose scales move to and fro,
As he arches his back to the blue sky floor,
And scratches off rain and snow?

Away in the West, where the Indians dwell,
In the land of the buffalo,
They tell this tale of the Rainbow Snake
Who sends down rain and snow.

Long, long ago, ere the white man came,
The rivers and lakes ran low,

And the brooks dried up, and the fishes died,
And the elk and the buffalo.

And the Indians cried, "Alas, we die!
No longer the rose pods grow;
And the rivers and brooks and ponds are dry,
For there falls no rain nor snow."

Then a little Snake wriggled him out of the grass
And said, "My brothers, I know
That if I can only climb up to the sky,
I can send down rain and snow.

"For of blue, blue ice is the blue sky floor,
And it maketh the cold winds blow;
And if I can only climb up to the ice,
I can scrape down rain and snow."

So the little Snake stretched and stretched himself,
And made himself grow and grow,
Until he was long as a river is long
Whose waters to ocean flow.

And he climbed the clouds to the cold ice sky,
Where his tail and his head drop low,
As he arches his back to the blue sky floor
And scratches off rain and snow.

For he wriggles, and wriggles, and wriggles himself,
And his scales move to and fro,
And scrape the ice sky in the winter time,
And then we have beautiful snow.

But when in the summer he wriggles himself,
And the clouds roll over the plain,
The ice flakes melt as they fall to earth,
And then we have beautiful rain.

And still in the sky is the Rainbow Snake,
The serpent of long ago;
And he wriggles, and wriggles, and wriggles himself,
And scratches off rain and snow.

IX

LITTLE SCAR FACE

In a village by a lake dwelt a young warrior named Team.[1] He had no kinsfolk except a sister who kept house for him. She was called the White Maiden.

No one had ever seen Team. The villagers could hear his footsteps as he went by, and they could see his tracks in the snow, but Team himself they never saw; he was invisible.

One day Team's sister called the village maidens to the council house. When all were

[1] Tēam.

come in and sat in a great circle in the council room she said to them: "My brother Team wishes to marry. He is a young man and very rich, but he is invisible; no one can see him who is not gentle and good. Therefore, if any maiden can see him, he will have her for his wife."

The village maidens were all joyful when they heard this. They knew Team was young and rich. In her heart each hoped to have him for her husband.

Every evening, then, as the sun set, some of the maidens would go down by the lake to Team's wigwam. The White Maiden always invited them to come in, and they would sit and watch by the wigwam fire.

By and by, as they sat, they would hear footsteps. Then the door flap would open and some one would enter. But the maidens could never see any one.

At the other end of the village, near the bushes, lived an old man with his three

daughters. The two elder daughters were young women, but the youngest was only a girl.

The elder sisters were very unkind to the little girl. They made her do all the work and gave her only bones and scraps to eat.

But the eldest was the more unkind. Often, when she was angry, she would throw ashes and hot coals in her little sister's face. In this way the little girl's hair was burned and her face became marked and scarred. So the villagers named her little Scar Face.

Her father never knew how unkind her elder sisters were. In the evening, when he came home from his hunt, he would sometimes say to the little girl, "Why is it that your face is always scarred and burned?"

And before little Scar Face could answer her eldest sister would say: "Father, it is because she goes near the fire and falls in. We tell her not to go there, but she will not obey us."

One day in winter, when the first snow lay on the ground, the eldest sister said: "Little Scar Face, bring me my shell beads and my moccasins. I am going to marry Team!"

Little Scar Face brought the beads and the moccasins and helped her sister put them on.

SHELL BEADS

In the evening, as the sun set, the eldest sister went down by the lake to Team's wigwam. The White Maiden invited her to come inside.

By and by they heard footsteps. Outside the wigwam there was a sound as if some one was dragging a sledge through the snow. The White Maiden led little Scar Face's sister to the door and said to her, "Can you see my brother?"

"Yes, I can see him very well," she answered.

"Then tell me, of what is his sledge string made?" said the White Maiden.

And the other answered, "It is made of moose skin."

This made the White Maiden angry.

"No, it is not made of moose skin! You have not seen my brother. You must go away," she cried. And she drove little Scar Face's sister out of the wigwam.

MOOSE

The next day little Scar Face's second sister said to her: "Little Scar Face, bring me my shell beads and my moccasins. I am going to marry Team!"

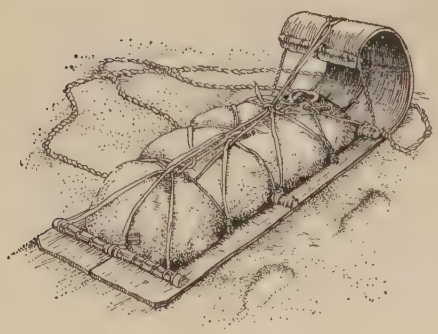
Little Scar Face brought the beads and the moccasins and her sister put them on.

In the evening, then, as the sun was setting, the second sister went down to Team's wigwam. The White Maiden invited her to come in.

By and by she, too, heard footsteps. Then the White Maiden said to her, "Can you see my brother?"

"Yes, I can see him very well," she answered.

"Of what is his sledge string made?" asked the White Maiden.



INDIAN SLEDGE, OR TOBOGGAN

And the other answered, "It is made of deerskin."

At this the White Maiden became angry again.

"No, it is not made of deerskin! You have not seen my brother. You, too, must go away," she cried. And she drove the second sister out of the wigwam.

The next morning, while her two sisters sat and talked, little Scar Face worked very hard. She scoured the kettle and carried out the ashes and fetched a great pile of wood for the fire. Then she said to her two sisters:

"Elder sisters, lend me your shell beads and your moccasins. I, too, should like to try to marry Team."

But her sisters laughed and mocked at the little girl. They would not lend her any moccasins. At last her second sister gave her some strings of beads that were very small.

INDIAN WOOD PILE

In a corner of the wigwam far from the door little Scar Face found a pair of old moccasins that her father had thrown away. They were dry and hard and were too big for her. She soaked them in water to make them soft.

She had no pretty clothing to wear, but she made herself a queer little dress out of birch bark.

She looked very ugly with her scarred face and short hair. As she went through the village the dogs barked at her and the people laughed and called out,

"Oho! look at little Scar Face!
Oho! look at little Scar Face!"

But when she came to Team's wigwam the White Maiden spoke kindly to her.

INDIAN DOG

"Come into the wigwam, little Scar Face," she said.

Little Scar Face went in and sat down. By and by she heard footsteps. Then the White Maiden led her to the door and said, "Little Scar Face, can you see my brother?"

"Yes, I can see him; and I am afraid, for he is wonderful," answered little Scar Face.

"Then tell me, of what is his sledge string made?" said the White Maiden.

"How wonderful! His sledge string is the rainbow," cried little Scar Face.

When Team heard this he smiled and said to his sister, "Elder sister, bathe little Scar Face's hair and eyes in the magic water."

And when she did so a wonderful thing happened. All the scars and burns faded away from the little girl's face. Her hair came out long and black. Her eyes were like two round stars.

The White Maiden then led her to the wife's seat beside the door.

Thus little Scar Face saw Team, and he had her for his wife.

X

HOW THE LITTLE RABBIT SNARED THE SUN

Once the little Rabbit and his grandmother moved their tent to new hunting grounds. Summer had gone and the trees in the woodland were turning yellow. It was time for the little Rabbit to lay in meat for winter.

Each morning he awoke early, took his bow and quiver, and went out to hunt. In the evening he came back with meat and skins. His grandmother dried the meat and made the skins into robes for winter.

One evening the little Rabbit came home walking very fast. He threw down a pack of

skins before the door and went into the tent. He was quite vexed.

"Grandmother," he cried, "each morning I awake early and go to the woodland to hunt, but some one is always there before me; and he has a very long foot, — I can see his tracks in the path."

"Grandson, you must get up earlier," said his grandmother.

The next morning the little Rabbit awoke very early. He put on his moccasins, took his bow and quiver, and went again to hunt; but when he came to the woodland there were the tracks in the path as before.

This greatly vexed the little Rabbit. He could not think who it was that made the tracks. In the evening, when he came home, he said: "Grandmother, I awoke early, but when I came to the path in the woodland some one with a very long foot was before me."

"Grandson, you must get up earlier," said his grandmother.

The next morning the little Rabbit was up before it was day, but when he came to the woodland there were the tracks in the path as before. In the evening he said again to his grandmother: "Grandmother, I arose very early, but when I came to the woodland some one was there before me; and he has a very long foot. I should like to know who he is."

RABBIT SNARE

"Grandson, you must get up still earlier," said his grandmother.

"No, grandmother; but I will make a snare and catch him," said the little Rabbit.

His grandmother did not want him to do this. She was afraid the little Rabbit might get into trouble.

"O grandson, do not do that!" she cried; "you may catch something terrible in your snare."

But the little Rabbit was now angry. He did not like to be beaten at anything.

"Grandmother, I hate him because he gets ahead of me; and he has a very long foot. I am going to catch him," he answered.

So the little Rabbit sat down in the tent and made a snare out of his bowstring. He then went to the woodland where he had seen the tracks. He put the snare in the middle of the path.

Early the next morning he went to the place where the snare was set. As he drew near he saw that the woodland was light like midday.

The little Rabbit wondered at this; but when he came in sight of the path he was astonished. He found that he had caught the Sun in his snare.

This frightened the little Rabbit. He turned and ran home again as fast as he could run. He found his grandmother bringing in some wood for the fire. She had just raised the door flap to go into the tent.

The little Rabbit stopped when he saw his grandmother. His heart was beating and his breath came very fast.

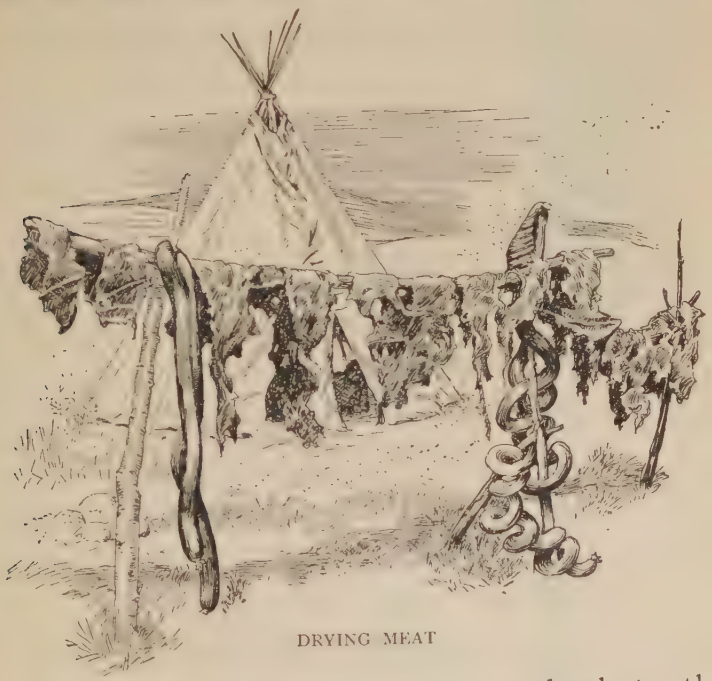
"O grandmother," he cried, "I have caught something bright in my snare! I am afraid to go near it. It scares me dreadfully."

INDIAN WOMAN BRINGING IN WOOD

His grandmother let fall the load of wood that was on her back. She was more frightened, even, than the little Rabbit.

"O grandson," she cried, "I told you not to set the snare! Now you have caught the Sun. Go at once and cut him loose. If you do not, he will set fire to the world and burn us up." And she drew her robe over her face and wailed loudly.

"Grandmother, I want to cut the Sun loose, for I should like to get my bowstring again; but every time I go near, the heat scares me," answered the little Rabbit.



DRYING MEAT

But he took his knife and ran back to the place where the Sun was caught. This time he went nearer. When the Sun saw him he cried out: "You very bad Rabbit, why did

KNIFE WITH BEADED SHEATH

you catch me? Come here at once and loose me!"

The little Rabbit tried hard to be brave. He took his knife in his hand and ran toward the snare; but the heat was so great that it made him afraid, and he turned again to one side.

All this time the Sun was getting hotter and hotter. He was terribly angry.

"You very bad Rabbit," he cried, "if you do not loose me I will set fire to the world and burn you up!"

The little Rabbit took his knife in his hand once more. He bent down his head and ran toward the Sun with his arm held straight out before him. When he came near he

cut the snare and the Sun leaped up into the sky again.

But the Sun was very, very hot. When the little Rabbit stooped to cut the snare, the fur on his back was scorched all yellow with the Sun's heat.

The little Rabbit put his knife back into its sheath and went limping home. He was in great pain.

"O grandmother," he cried, "my back hurts me dreadfully! The Sun has burned my skin and scorched the fur on my back all yellow."

"Grandson," she answered, "I told you not to set the snare. I knew the Sun was hot. That is why I was afraid when he was caught!" But she took the little Rabbit into the tent and spread a robe for him to lie upon.

Ever since that time the little Rabbit has had yellow fur on his back where he was scorched by the Sun's heat.

XI

THE MAGIC WIGWAM

An Indian was walking in the forest when he heard dancing a long way off. He stopped and listened. It was in autumn, when the ground is dry, and he could hear the feet of the dancers beating the ground.

"That is strange," thought the Indian. "Who can be dancing in the forest to-day?"

He set off toward the sound, to see who the dancers were; but he went for a whole week before he saw any one.

He came at last to two queer old people — an old man and an old woman — dancing

around a tree. On a limb in the top of the tree lay a fat raccoon.

The old people had danced until they had worn a deep ditch around the tree. Every time they danced around they made the ditch deeper.

RACCOON

The Indian was much surprised to see the two old people.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

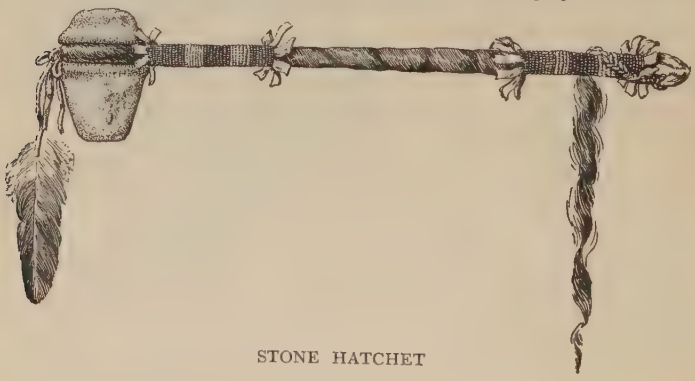
"We are dancing the tree down. When the ditch is deep the tree will fall. Then we will kill the big raccoon and eat his meat," answered the old man.

The Indian laughed and drew a hatchet from his belt. It was made of stone and had a sharp edge.

"That is no way to fell a tree. Let me cut it down for you," he said.

The old man agreed, and the Indian cut down the tree with his hatchet. They killed the raccoon, and the old woman tanned its skin and gave it to the Indian.

"Grandson," she said, "take this raccoon skin. It is no common pelt. It will bring you luck."



STONE HATCHET

The Indian thanked the two old people, stuck the raccoon skin in his belt, and went on his way.

He had not gone far when he saw something strange through the trees. A man was coming up the path with a birch-bark wigwam on his head. The wigwam was new, and its bark sides shone white like snow.

The Indian felt afraid at first. He thought the man must be one of the magic people.

The stranger put the wigwam on the ground and looked at the Indian. Then he spoke.

"That is a fine skin you have in your belt. Where did you get it?"

"Two queer old people gave it to me. They said it would bring me luck," answered the Indian.

When the stranger heard this he wanted very much to own the raccoon skin.

"I should like to have you sell me the skin," he said.

"What will you give me for it?" asked the Indian.

"I will give you this knife," answered the stranger.

"No; that is not enough," said the other.

"I will give you my bow and arrows," said the stranger.

"No," said the Indian; "that is still too little."

"Then I will give you this beautiful bark wigwam," said the stranger.

The Indian looked at the wigwam. Through the door he saw robes and mats and skins.

"It is a fine wigwam, but it is so large. How shall I be able to carry it?" he asked.

WHITE OR ARCTIC BEAR

"That is easy," answered the stranger. "The wigwam is light; it is magic."

The Indian lifted the wigwam to his head. Although so large, it was light, like a basket.

"How wonderful! the wigwam is not heavy," he said. He then gave the raccoon skin to the stranger and went on, with the wigwam on his head.

In the afternoon he came to a place where a spring of clear water came out of the ground.

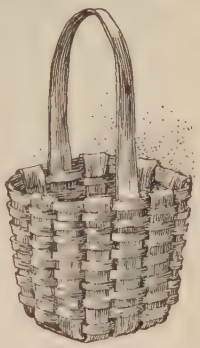
"This is a fine place for a camp," he thought. "I will pitch my wigwam here for the winter."

He set the wigwam on the ground and went inside. The sun was setting and the air was getting chilly. The Indian made a fire under the smoke hole and sat down to warm himself.

He was tired, for he had walked a long way. Near the fireplace lay a white bearskin. The Indian drew it toward him and lay down upon it. Soon he fell asleep.

When he awoke the warm sun was shining. He opened his eyes and looked up. He was surprised to see good things to eat hanging from the roof poles.

There were deer hams and packs of dried meat. Baskets of dried berries and of maple sugar hung there, and many ears of corn.



INDIAN BASKET

This made the Indian glad, for he had slept a long time and was hungry. He reached out his arms and sprang upward,

hoping to seize the baskets; but a wonderful thing then happened.

His arms became wings. The white bearskin melted and ran away. The roof poles became branches of a birch tree. The deer hams and the baskets of dried berries were turned into birch buds.

PARTRIDGE, OR RUFFED GROUSE

He was an Indian no longer, — he was Pulowech[1] the Partridge. He put out his wings and flew into the birch tree, crying gladly, for spring had come.

The white bearskin had been the winter's snow. The wigwam was a snowdrift in which the Partridge had hidden all winter long.

[1] Pŭ′lō-wĕch.

XII

WHY THE BABY SAYS "GOO"

In a village near the mountains lived an Indian chief. He was a brave man and had fought in many battles. No one in the tribe had slain more enemies than he.

Strange folk were then in the land. Fierce ice giants came out of the North and carried away women and children. Wicked witches dwelt in caves, and in the mountains lived the Mikumwess,[1] or magic little people.

But the chief feared none of them. He fought the ice giants and made them go back to their

[1] Mĭk'ŭm-wĕss.

home in the North. Some of the witches he killed; others he drove from the land.

Everybody loved the chief. He was so brave and good that the villagers thought there was no one like him anywhere.

But when he had driven out all the giants the chief grew vain. He began to think himself the greatest warrior in the world.

"I can conquer any one," he boasted.

Now it happened that a wise old woman lived in the village. When she heard what the great chief boasted, she smiled.

"Our chief *is* wonderful; but there is one who is mightier than he," she said.

The villagers told the chief what the wise woman had said. He came and visited her in her wigwam.

"Grandmother, who is this wonderful one?" he asked.

"His name is Wasis,"[1] answered the wise woman.

[1] Wa'sĭs.

"And where is he, grandmother?" asked the chief.

"He is there," said the wise woman; and she pointed to a place in the wigwam.

The chief looked,—and who do you think Wasis was? He was a plump little Indian Baby. In the middle of the floor he sat, crowing to himself and sucking a piece of maple sugar. He looked very sweet and contented.

Now the chief had no wife, and knew nothing about babies; but he thought, like all vain people, that he knew everything. He thought, of course, that the little Baby would obey him; so he smiled and said to little Wasis:

"Baby, come to me!"

But the Baby smiled back and went on sucking his maple sugar.

The chief was surprised. The villagers always did whatever he bade them. He could not understand why the little Baby did not obey him; but he smiled and said again to little Wasis:

"*Baby, come to me!*"

The little Baby smiled back and sucked his maple sugar as before.

The chief was astonished. No one had ever dared disobey him before. He grew angry. He frowned at little Wasis and roared out:

"BABY, COME TO ME!"

But little Wasis opened his mouth and burst out crying and screaming. The chief had never heard such awful sounds. Even the ice giants did not scream so terribly.

MEDICINE BAG

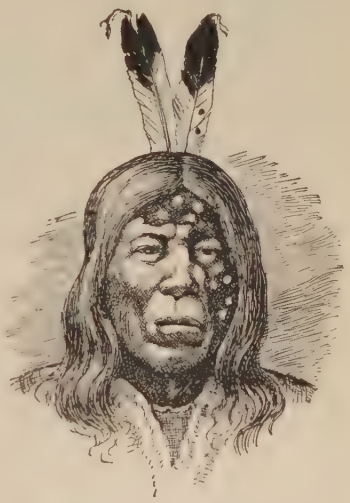
The chief was more and more astonished. He could not think why such a little Baby would not obey him.

"Wonderful!" he said. "All other men fear me; but this little Baby shouts back war cries. Perhaps I can overcome him with my magic."

He took out his medicine bag and shook it at the little Baby. He danced magic dances. He sang wonderful songs.

Little Wasis smiled and watched the chief with big round eyes. He thought it all very funny. And all the time he sucked his maple sugar.

The chief danced until he was tired out; sweat ran down his face; red paint oozed over his cheeks and neck; the feathers in his scalp lock had fallen down.



INDIAN WITH PAINTED FACE

At last he sat down. He was too tired to dance any longer.

"Did I not tell you that Wasis is mightier than you?" said the wise old woman. "No one is mightier than the Baby. He always rules the wigwam. Everybody loves him and obeys him."

"It is even so," sighed the chief, as he went out of the wigwam.

But as he went he could hear little Wasis talking to himself on the floor.

"Goo, goo, goo!" he crowed, as he sucked his maple sugar.

Now, when you hear the Baby saying "Goo, goo, goo," you will know what it means. It is his war cry. He is happy because he remembers the time when he frightened the chief in the wigwam of the wise old woman.

XIII

THE WREN

The little Wren with speckled coat,
And sweet and cheery cry,
Is the dearest bird in all the wood,
And I will tell you why.

When a baby comes to the Indian's hut
The Wren chirrups for joy,
And hops about on the edge of the roof
And sings, "Is it girl or boy?"

Then to the wood he flies away
To call the birds together, —
Big birds, little birds, pretty and plain,
Birds all, of every feather.

And if he chirrups, "It is a girl,"
The birds sing, joyfully,
"We 'll eat the kernels of corn that fall
When she pounds hominy."

But if he chirrups, "It is a boy,"
Loud mourns the feathered choir:
"Alas! alas! he will shoot us with arrows
And fry our shins in the fire!"

XIV

THE GOOD GIANTS

An Indian had his wigwam by the shore of the sea. He was poor and he had many children. Each day he took his canoe and went out upon the sea to fish. His wife often went with him to help him with the nets.

BONE FISH-HOOKS

One day when they were fishing a fog arose so that they lost their way. They paddled in every direction, but they could not come to land.

At last, when they were tired and almost ready to give up, they heard voices in the fog. They steered in the direction of

the sound and came to a big canoe filled with giants. The giants were young men and their faces were dark like soot. They carried paddles made out of whole trees.

The Indian and his wife were greatly frightened when they saw the big canoe; but the giants burst out laughing at finding such little folk.

"Ho, little people! where are you going?" they asked.

"We do not know. We have lost our way," answered the Indian.

The giants laughed harder than ever at this.

"Oho! he says he has lost his way!" they roared.

At last they stopped laughing.

"Come with us, little people, and we will take you home to our father," they said.

Two of the giants pushed the ends of their paddles under the Indians' canoe. In this way they lifted it, with the two Indians, into their own.

The giants then steered their canoe to the shore. They did not seem to mind the fog. They paddled straight ahead as if they could see right through it.

On the shore stood three wigwams. They were made of bark and were as tall as mountains.

One of the giants lifted the two Indians in his hand and carried them into the tallest wigwam. Their canoe he hung up on the roof above the door.

Inside the wigwam was an old giant sitting by the fire. He was much surprised when he saw the two Indians.

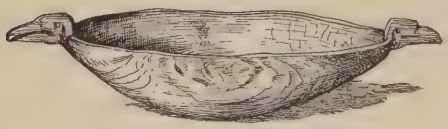
"Ho, my son! what have you here?" he asked.

"Father, they are two little people that we found in a canoe. They have lost their way in a fog," answered one of the young giants.

The old giant was greatly pleased with his little guests. He called his wife to come and see them.

"But our little people must be hungry," he said at last. "Let us get them something to eat."

His wife brought a wooden bowl and went to a great pot that hung over the fire. She took out a whole whale, hot and steaming, and put it into the bowl. This she set down before the two Indians.



WOODEN BOWL

"There, little people," she said, "now you can eat."

The giants made a place in a corner of the wigwam for the Indians to sleep. They became very fond of their little guests and were never tired of being kind to them.

One morning the old giant came into the wigwam looking troubled.

"Little people," he said, "I have something to tell you. In the North lives a terrible Chenoo,[1] or ice giant. He is our enemy. He

[1] Chĕ-nōō′.

hates us because we are kind to men. In three days he will come to fight us. You must take care that you do not hear his scream. It is terrible. No one can hear it and live."

He told the Indians to stop their ears and wrap themselves in bearskins. In this way they would not hear the ice giant's scream.

In three days the Chenoo came, just as the old giant had said. There was a dreadful battle. Although their ears were stopped, the Indians could hear the ice giant's scream, faintly, through the thick skins. It was terrible.

In a little while the Chenoo screamed a second time. This time his voice did not seem so dreadful. After the third time the old giant came and unwrapped the bearskins.

"Now, little people, you may come out," he said. "The Chenoo is dead. My son killed him with a stone."

But the good giants had suffered too. Their faces and hands were bruised and their legs

were stuck full of pine trees, like thistles. Indeed, when they came back to the wigwam one of the young giants fell dead before the door.

But this did not seem to trouble the old giant. He only said, "My son, why are you lying there?"

"Father, it is because I am dead; the Chenoo has killed me," answered the dead giant.

"If that is all, get up at once!" said the old giant.

His son opened his eyes and sat up. He did not seem a bit the worse for having been dead.

Months went by and summer had almost gone. The Indian and his wife began to think of their children far away in the wigwam by the sea. One day the old giant asked them if they wished to go home.

"Yes, for we long to see our children," answered the Indian.

The next morning the old giant took down the Indians' canoe from its place on the roof

and put it on the sea. The giant's wife loaded it with furs and packs of dried meat. The canoe sank almost to the water.

When the Indian and his wife had got in, the old giant gave them a little gray dog. He told them to paddle in the direction the little dog pointed. Then he said to the little dog, "Take these people home to their wigwam."

The little dog ran to the middle of the canoe and stood with his paws resting on the edge. He barked and pointed with his nose straight out to sea.

The Indians steered their canoe as the little dog pointed. In a few hours they reached their home. As they came to shore their children ran out to meet them.

The little dog leaped out of the canoe, barking and wagging his tail. He jumped about upon the sand and rubbed his nose into the children's faces. Then he trotted home again over the ocean. He ran over the top of the water just as if it were ice.

After this, whenever the Indian set his nets they came up bursting with fish. If he went hunting he always killed many deer. He grew rich. No one in all the land had more meat and skins than he.

Thus he knew that the good giants had not forgotten him.

XV

THE LITTLE FAWN

A Doe was grazing in an open place in a thicket. With her was her little Fawn who was not yet old enough to eat grass. He skipped about and played among the bushes while his mother fed. At last he ran out to the edge of a meadow that lay beyond.

The little Fawn raised his nose to sniff the sweet air. The wind brought something strange to his smell. Far off over the meadow he saw some black things moving in the grass. They were Indian hunters. They were so far away that they looked like little black specks in the meadow.

The little Fawn was frightened. He put his tail in the air and ran back into the thicket again.

"O mother," he cried; "I see some black things far off in the meadow. They are hiding in the grass. I fear they are men!"

His mother stopped eating for a moment and raised her head.

"No, little son," she said; "they are not men that you see. They are crows. They are feeding in the grass."

But the little Fawn could not rest. Again he ran to the edge of the thicket and looked out. There were the hunters hiding in the grass as before. They were creeping nearer.

The little Fawn ran back to his mother more frightened than ever. His tail stood straight up over his back as he ran.

"Mother," he cried; "the black things are nearer! They are coming toward us! They are creeping through the grass! I know they are men!"

His mother only smiled. "Little son, do not be afraid," she said. "They are not men that you see. They are crows."

Still the little Fawn could not rest. Once more he ran to the edge of the thicket and looked. This time the hunters were quite near.

CROW

The little Fawn was dreadfully frightened and ran again to his mother in the thicket. He ran so fast that his tail bobbed up and down in the air.

"O mother," he cried; "the black things are not crows! They are men; they have bows and arrows; they are very near."

But his mother would not even look up from her feeding.

"No, little son; what you see are only some crows," she said.

Just then the hunters rose up out of the grass. They had arrows on their bowstrings, ready to shoot.

INDIAN ARROWS

The Doe whistled and leaped away, but the hunters shot her with their arrows. The little Fawn escaped into the bushes.

In the evening the little Fawn crept back to the edge of the thicket. He looked out and saw his mother lying on the ground dead. The hunters had made a fire and were cooking the Doe's liver upon the coals.

This made the little Fawn very sad. His head dropped and bright tears stood in his eyes. He turned and crept into the thicket, weeping. He knew he should never see his mother again.

XVI

THE TURKEY MAIDEN

In Salt village, long ago, were many rich families who owned flocks of tame Turkeys.

The Turkeys were kept in wooden cages at night. In the day they had to be driven to the field to feed. Poor people often did this to earn a living.

At the farther end of the village, on the side nearest the field, lived an Indian maiden. Her house had but one room and was old and ugly. Its sides were crumbling and the roof leaked whenever it rained.

The little maiden was alone in the world. Her father had died and she had no brothers

to care for her. Her blanket was ragged and her moccasins were full of holes. Her face,

ZUÑI HOUSES

too, was thin and pinched, for she was often hungry. Only her eyes were soft and beautiful.

She would have starved if a rich family had not let her care for their Turkeys. For this

they gave her scraps of meal cake or a little meat. Sometimes they gave her a piece of worn-out clothing to put on.

No one loved the little maiden, and she was lonely and unhappy. But she was kind to her Turkeys; they were all the friends that she had.

Now it happened that the villagers were going to give a feast and dance. One morning, as the little maiden drove her Turkeys to the field, a crier came out to name the feast day. He stood on a house top and called aloud: "Ho, you people of Salt village! In four days will be the dance of the Sacred Bird."

The little maiden sighed. She had wished very much to go to the dance, but none could go who had not beautiful clothes to wear.

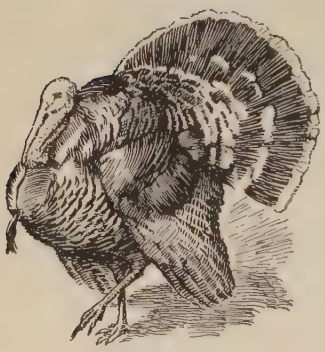
The next three days everybody was busy in Salt village. The men brought out rich blankets and made their moccasins white with powdered clay. The women combed their

hair or baked heaps of fresh meal cakes for the feast. All were gay and happy.

On the fourth day was the dance. As the little maiden drove her Turkeys to the field she saw the villagers getting ready to go. They were dressed in bright blankets and had eagles' feathers in their hair.

The little maiden looked down at her own ragged blanket. Tears came into her eyes.

"They will never let me go to the dance in this ragged blanket," she said.



TURKEY GOBBLER

But that morning a strange thing happened. When the little maiden came to the field her Turkeys did not seem to want to feed. They stood around, clucking and gobbling to one another as if they wanted to talk.

At last an old Gobbler came strutting up to the little maiden. His big tail was spread

and his wings hung down and hid his legs like a skirt.

"Maiden mother," he said, "we know you want to go to the dance. Now we will help you."

The little maiden was astonished,—she had never heard Turkeys talk before; but the old Gobbler went on: "Listen! At noon we Turkeys will begin to cluck and gobble. You must then drive us back to the village. When we come into our cage we will show you what to do."

The little maiden could not understand how Turkeys could talk, but she promised to do as the old Gobbler said.

At noon, sure enough, the Turkeys began to cluck and gobble, and the little maiden drove them to the village. When they came to the wooden cage the old Gobbler made the other Turkeys go inside. Last of all, he went in and called to the little maiden, "Come into our house!"

The little maiden went into the cage and sat down. All the Turkeys stood around her in a circle.

"Give me your blanket," said the old Gobbler.

The little maiden took off her old ragged blanket and laid it on the floor.

WOODEN CAGE, OR PEN

The old Gobbler pulled it with his beak until it was flat like a mat. He spread his big tail and dropped his wings again like a skirt. Then he began to dance back and forth over the blanket.

In a little while he stopped dancing and picked the blanket up in his beak. He swelled out his breast, put back his head, and puffed. When he laid the blanket down again it was a beautiful white mantle.

Another old Turkey now stepped out of the circle, and the little maiden gave him another piece of her clothing. When he had danced and puffed, it, also, was clean and beautiful. And so, piece by piece, all the little maiden's clothing was made clean and bright.

Then all the Turkeys spread their tails and began to dance around the little maiden.

"Do not move! You must sit while we dance," they cried.

They clucked and gobbled and flirted their tails as they danced. Whenever they passed close to the little maiden they brushed her with their wings.

When the dance was ended the little maiden's face was round and beautiful; her cheeks were plump; her hair was now soft and wavy.

But the old Gobbler had not finished. He stepped out of the circle again and stood before the little maiden.

"Maiden mother, you have no necklace. Perhaps I can find you one," he said.

He spread his tail and wings and began to dance. Then he put back his head and coughed. In a moment a fine shell necklace came up into his mouth.

Another Turkey danced and coughed and two blue earrings came into his mouth; he dropped them at the little maiden's feet.

ZUÑI GIRL WITH NECKLACE AND EARRINGS

Then the old Gobbler spoke once more.

"Maiden mother, now you are beautiful and have rich clothing; but sometimes people become proud and forget those who helped us. Come back to us before the sun sets. Leave the cage door open as you go."

The little maiden placed the necklace about her neck and put the earrings in her ears. She thanked the Turkeys many times.

As she went out she left the cage door open. The Turkeys called after her through the door: "Maiden mother, remember! Do not forget us."

"Dear Turkeys, I will remember," she answered.

Then, as she hurried away, they called again: "Maiden mother, remember! Come back to us before the sun sets."

"Dear Turkeys, I will remember," she answered.

When the little maiden came to the place of the dance no one thought she was the poor Turkey maiden. Her mantle was the richest and whitest at the dance.

All the young men smiled when they looked at her. They thought her the most beautiful maiden they had ever seen.

"Who can she be?" they asked.

The old men invited her to come into the dance, and all joined hands in a great circle. All the young men wanted to be next to her

and hold the little maiden's hand. She was very happy.

When the dance was ended the old men called for another. Thus the afternoon went by. The little maiden had never had such a happy time. She forgot all about her Turkeys.

At last the dancing was nearly over. As they joined hands for the last time the little maiden looked up. The sun was just setting in the West.

Then the little maiden thought of her Turkeys.

"O my dear Turkeys, I have forgotten you!" she cried.

She sprang out of the dance and ran back toward the village. The old men called to her, but she would not stop.

In the West the sun had set behind the mountains. It was growing dark.

Swiftly the little maiden ran to the wooden cage. It was empty.

Down the path she turned to the big field. Far off she could hear the Turkeys running over the hard ground. She listened. The Turkeys were singing:

"Maiden mother,
Maiden mother,
You forgot us!
Maiden mother,
Maiden mother,
Now we leave you!"

"Dear Turkeys, come back to me!" cried the little maiden.

She ran and ran; but the Turkeys spread their wings and flew away toward the mountains.

The little maiden looked down at her white mantle. It was soiled and ragged, and its border was torn. As she ran she had cut her moccasins on the sharp stones. Now they were full of holes.

Her shell necklace had broken and fallen from her neck. She had lost her earrings.

The little maiden hid her face in her hands. Hot tears rolled down her cheeks. Sobbing, she turned to go back to the village.

As she went she could hear the Turkeys singing far away:

"Maiden mother,
Maiden mother,
You forgot us!
Maiden mother,
Maiden mother,
Now we leave you!"

XVII

THE FLYING HEAD

This is the tale of the Flying Head
Which makes the red man shudder with dread
When the storm wind screams on a wintry night
And he tells this tale by the lodge-fire light.

The Flying Head was a fearful thing
That flew on the blasts which the tempests bring
When the roaring hurricane tears the trees
And lashes the ocean and beats the seas.

The Flying Head had flaming eyes,
Round and staring, of hideous size;
And great white teeth that bit the air,
And round red mouth as big as a bear.

His feet were two great hairy paws;
And hair hung down from his bony jaws;
And when in the tempest he rode the air,
His wings were his long black locks of hair.

One night, in her wigwam, on her mat,
A lonely Indian widow sat,
And heard the storm roar high and higher,
While she baked chestnuts by the fire.

As over the coals for the nuts she bent,
The Flying Head peeped into her tent
And thought that the fire coals, glowing hot,
Were the new-baked chestnuts that she sought.

"Hu, hu!" he growled, "I am hungry, too;
I have tasted nothing the whole night through;
But these red things in a heap that lie, —
If the woman can eat them, why not I?"

Then into the wigwam he came with a leap,
And opened his mouth to the red fire heap,
And, ere the woman could start or call,
He had swallowed the fire heap, coals and all.

But the red coals hot in his body lay
And boiled and sizzled and burned away,
Till the Flying Head with a roar of pain
Leaped out into the night again.

But what became of the Flying Head
When out of the widow's tent door he fled
Was never known to the Indian men,
For none of them ever saw him again.

XVIII

OLD WINTER MAN AND THE SPRING MAIDEN

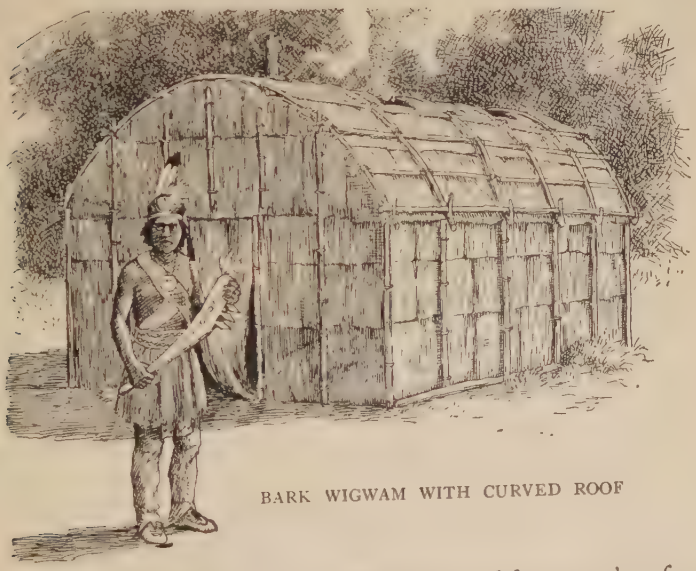
On the edge of a forest stood a birch-bark wigwam. Its roof curved over like the back of a bow.

In a fireplace on the floor some coals were burning. A little smoke went up through the smoke hole in the roof.

An old man sat by the fire. He had a mat under him and a wolf-skin robe over his shoulders. On the floor near by lay a small heap of dry sticks.

He was a queer looking old man. His hair was white like frost. His face was wrinkled and he had a round hump on his back.

The old man took a stick from the heap and put it on the fire. Soon there was a



BARK WIGWAM WITH CURVED ROOF

blaze. The light made the old man's face look yellow. The black smoke made shadows on the roof overhead.

In the forest outside the winter wind was blowing.

Hu–u–u–u–u! it roared through the trees.

The old man put another stick on the fire. Evening was near and it was growing dark. The wind still blew outside. The wigwam shook and rattled in the storm.

All night the old man sat by the fire. He drew his mat close to the fireplace, for he was cold. The wind came down the smoke hole and blew ashes into his face. Before morning he had put his last stick on the fire.

"It is my last stick; when it is burned the fire will die," he said.

He rested his head on his arm and shut his eyes. He was very tired. His white hair fell down and hid his face. In the ashes the fire was dying.

Outside in the forest the wind still blew.

Hu–u–u–u–u! it roared through the trees.

Suddenly the old man raised his head.

"I thought I heard footsteps," he said.

He put his hand to his ear and listened. Again he heard the footsteps faintly in the

storm. *Tread, tread,* they went around the wigwam.

A bearskin curtain hung over the door. As the old man listened some one pushed the curtain aside. The old man looked up. A maiden stood in the doorway.

She was a beautiful maiden. Her cheeks were painted red and her long black hair fell almost to her feet.

Flowers covered her head. Her robe was made of sweet grasses and her moccasins of lily leaves sewed together.

The maiden stood in the doorway and smiled. The morning sun peeped over the hills and a little sunlight came in through the door. The wind did not blow so hard now.

The old man frowned, for he did not like the sunlight; but he spoke to the maiden and asked her to come in.

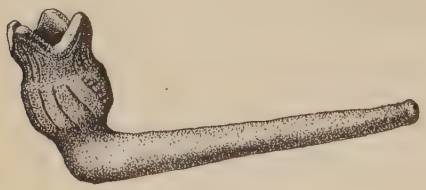
"Come and tell me who you are," he said. "I am old Winter Man. I bring the snow and cold."

The maiden smiled and came into the wigwam.

"I am the Spring Maiden. I bring the warm winds and the sweet flowers," she said.

The old man looked at her and frowned. He did not like the warm winds and the flowers.

"You must go away," he said. "If you do not, I shall frighten you with my cold."



EARTHEN PIPE

He filled the earthen bowl of his pipe and lighted it with a coal. He blew little clouds of smoke from his nostrils. Then he spoke: "When I blow my breath the white frost falls. The lakes and rivers are covered with ice."

The maiden smiled.

"When I breathe, the air grows warm," she said. "The ice melts on the lakes and rivers."

The warm sunlight poured through the door and fell on the old man's face. He frowned

and spoke again: "When I shake my white hair the air is filled with snow. Soon the earth is covered with snow. Everything is covered with snow."

The maiden smiled and answered: "When I shake my hair the warm rain falls. Soon the snow is melted and the earth is green again."

The old man's hand trembled as he put the pipe from his lips. The robe had slipped from his shoulders and he looked at the maiden with frightened eyes; but he spoke once more: "When I walk in the forest, cold winds blow. Leaves fall from the trees, and the grasses die, for winter comes."

The maiden smiled again and answered: "When I walk in the forest the warm sun shines. The trees put out leaves, and flowers spring up, for spring is here."

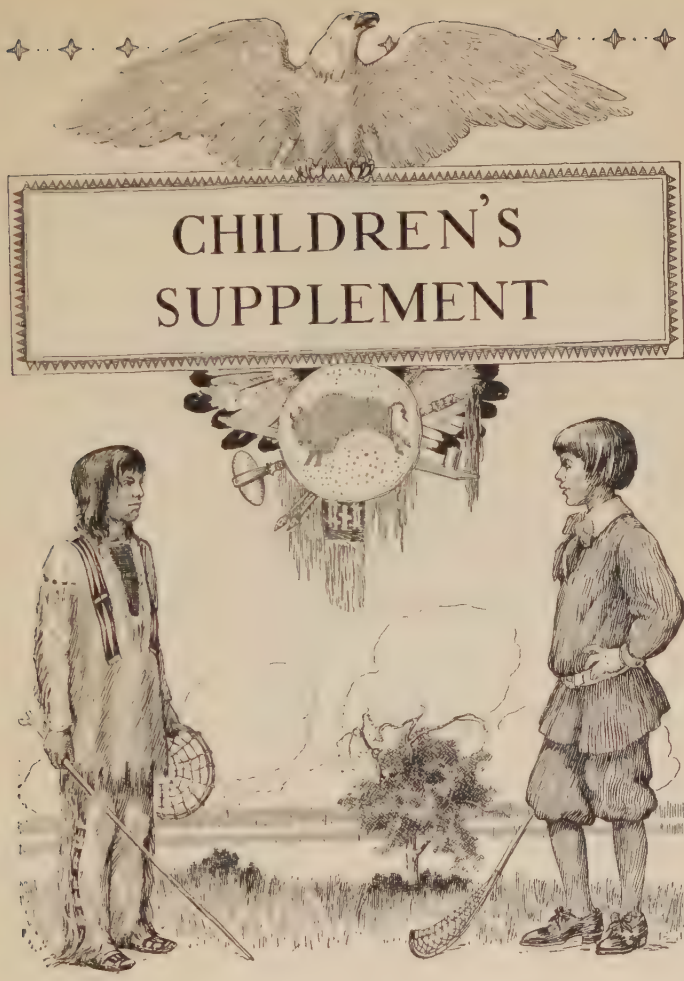
As she spoke she stepped to the old man's side and touched him. Then a wonderful thing happened.

The old man's head nodded. His eyes closed, and he fell upon the floor. He began to grow smaller.

Water ran out of his mouth; his white hair melted and ran away. His robe turned into a heap of vines. The wigwam roof fell in.

The maiden went out into the fields and forests. Warm winds blew. The trees put out leaves. Wherever the maiden stepped flowers sprung up.

And each year at springtime the trees put out leaves. Flowers still spring up in the fields where the maiden stepped.


CHILDREN'S
SUPPLEMENT

A YOUNG AMERICAN

STONE AX

Axes and hammers were made of stone and were pecked into shape with a hard quartz pebble. Fig. 1 is an ax; Fig. 2 is a hammer. They may be shaped from modeling clay or from blocks of soft pine.

Fig. 1 Fig. 2

To haft them, take a tough green stick (Fig. 3); shave the end *A* thin and flat; draw the flat portion around the groove of the ax (Fig. 4); bind neatly, as in Fig. 5.

Fig. 3

The Indians often sewed a piece of wet rawhide over the handle. When the rawhide dried it contracted and made the handle firm. This, however, is not essential.

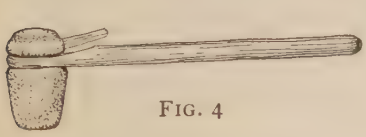


Fig. 4

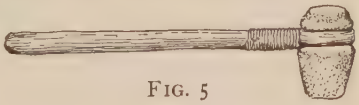


Fig. 5

THE DAKOTA TENT, OR TEPEE[1]

Wigwam is an Algonkin word meaning "lodge," or "dwelling." Among the Algonkin tribes this was usually a cabin-like structure of poles and bark, or a dome-shaped tent of the same material. The name is now commonly applied to any of the tent- or cabin-like lodges of our Indians.

FIG. 6

Many kinds of lodges were in use in the different tribes. The Dakota movable tent, or tepee, is the best known form. A small model is easily made.

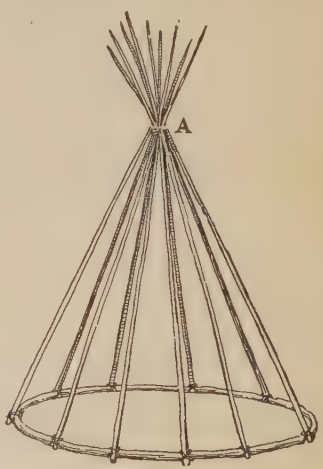


FIG. 7

Take a dozen willow sticks, or other wood, twelve inches in length and the thickness of a small lead pencil. With a longer willow make a hoop ten inches in diameter (Fig. 6).

Lay the hoop upon a table. Tie ten of the willow sticks to the hoop at regular intervals. These will form the tent poles.

[1] Tē′-pēē.

Draw the tops together and tie them two inches from the ends at *A* (Fig. 7). This will make the frame of the tent.

For the tent cover cut a semicircular piece from a strip of white muslin, as in Fig. 8. The diameters *AB*, *AD*, and *AC* should measure ten inches each.

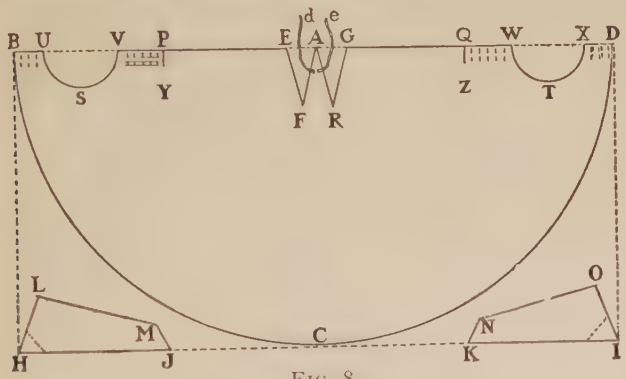


FIG. 8

Cut out two triangular pieces, *AFE* and *ARG*. *AE* and *AG* are each an inch long. *EF*, *AF*, *AR*, and *GR* measure each two inches.

With a pair of scissors make the cuts *PY* and *QZ*. Each should be a half inch in length.

The pieces *HLMJ* and *IONK* are for smoke flaps. *HJ* should measure five inches; *LM*, four inches; *HL*, two inches; and *MJ*, one inch. The same measurements apply to *IONK*.

In the corners of the smoke flaps, *H* and *I*, sew two small, three-cornered pieces for pockets.

Sew the smoke flaps to the tent cover so that *ML* is fitted to *PE*, and *NO* to *QG*.

Cut out two half-circular pieces *S* and *T*. The diameters *UV* and *WX* should measure two and a half inches each. *BU* and *DX* should be one inch each.

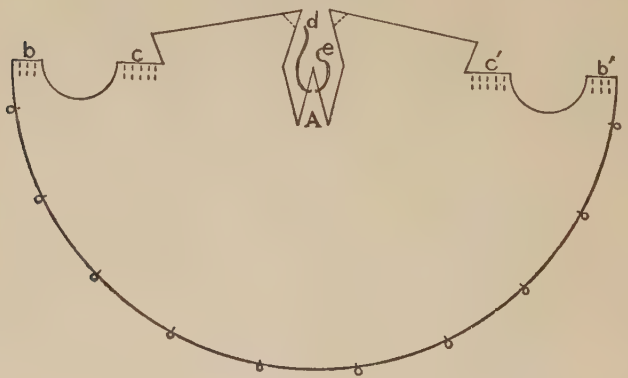


FIG. 9

Above and below the door, between *P* and *B*, and *Q* and *D*, make a double row of holes near the edge of the cover. These are the lacing holes.

Around the circular edge sew ten small loops of cord or small twine. In the triangular piece *AFR* sew a small cord *de*. The tent cover will now appear as in Fig. 9.

To put the cover on the frame, tie the three-cornered piece *A* (Fig. 9), with the cord *de*, to one of the willow poles at *A* (Fig. 7).

Fig. 10

Draw the edges *b* and *b'* and *c* and *c'* (Fig. 9) together, and lace with wooden pins. Cut these from twigs or match stems, one inch in length, as in Fig. 10.

Fig. 11

Tie the cover to the hoop through the loops sewed to the lower edge.

Two of the willow sticks remain unused. Thrust the fore ends into the pockets of the smoke flaps and fasten behind to the hoop. These keep the smoke flaps in place. The tent now appears as in Fig. 11.

Fig. 12

For door flap, bend a small willow rod or a wire in the shape of a horseshoe (Fig. 12). Cover with a bit of muslin sewed or glued over the rod. Hang by a

string to the lacing pin just over the door, as in Fig. 13.

A tent for camp use may be made by increasing the measurements to feet instead of inches.

The base hoop will not then be needed, as the tent poles are thrust into the ground. The loops on the tent cover are made fast to the ground with wooden pins.

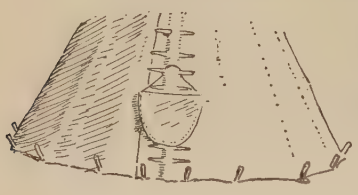


FIG. 13

The tent poles of many Dakota lodges measure thirty feet in length.

In old times there was a prescribed way in which a tepee should be set up. It was symbolic of the powers that surround man, — a kind of little acted prayer that the new-made home be kept from harm.

INDIAN DRESS

The Indian dress was of buckskin. It consisted of leggings, shirt, belt, and clout. The last two may be omitted.

The dress is easily imitated in yellow cambric. Cut shirt and leggings to fit the child.

By folding the cloth, the leggings (Fig. 14) may be made with a single seam, *AB*. The outer edges are

fringed. Let the cloth project two inches beyond the seam. Cut the fringe with a pair of scissors, as shown in the illustration.

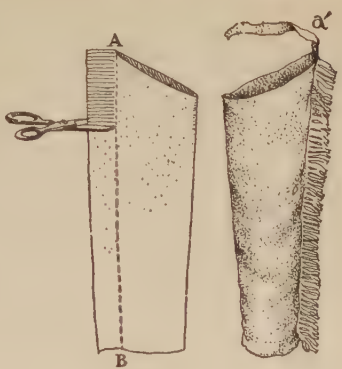


FIG. 14

The shirt, or coat (Fig. 15), is a simple garment. It opens from the neck over the shoulders. It is fringed at the sides and under the arms.

Draw the leggings and shirt over the boy's other clothing. Fasten to the latter with safety pins.

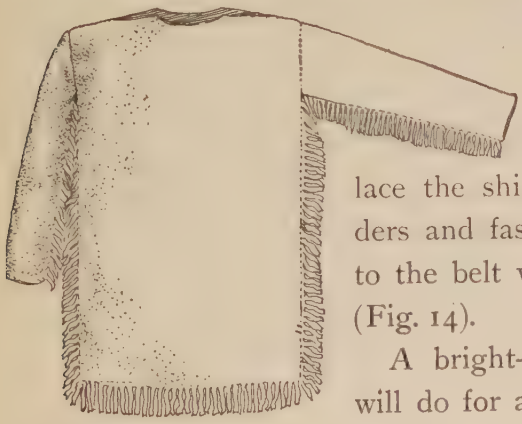


FIG. 15

The Indian way was to lace the shirt at the shoulders and fasten the legging to the belt with a thong, *a'* (Fig. 14).

A bright-colored blanket will do for a girl's costume. It should be thrown over the shoulders and fastened about the waist with a belt.

When full costume is used the face may be painted. Rub the skin well with vaseline and use Venetian red. The whole face is painted for boys, but only the cheeks for girls.

Indians did not paint the face or body for mere ornament, or for fun. Each color had a meaning and had to do with religious thoughts.

CLAY POT

The Indian cooking pot was shaped like Fig. 16. It was made of well-worked clay, mixed with a little sand to avoid cracking in drying.

FIG. 16

The children can mold a pot in modeling clay or in ordinary yellow clay. The Indians rolled a lump of the wet clay in the palms until they had a slender rod or pencil. They worked this into the growing pot by coiling it around the edge (Fig. 17).

FIG. 17

If common clay is used the pot may be dried and then burned for an hour in a wood fire.

BOW AND ARROW

Fig. 18 represents an Indian bow. It may be made of ash or hickory, and should be a little more than half the height of the child.

FIG. 18

The arrow is half the length of the bow, or shorter. For a child's arrow the Indians shaved down a sapling, leaving one end blunt, as in Fig. 19. This was less dangerous than arrows pointed with flint.

An arrow is useless unless feathered. Trim two turkey feathers, as in Fig. 20, two inches in length. Bind neatly to the shaft of the arrow, as in Figs. 19 and 20. This method is simpler than that of using three feathers glued to the shaft.

FIG. 19 FIG. 20

The nock *A* (Fig. 20) is to receive the string. A little silk bound around the shaft of the arrow just below the nock will prevent the arrow from splitting.

Bows and arrows should be used by children with great care.

MOCCASINS

There are different forms of the moccasin, or Indian shoe. That of the prairie tribes has three parts, — sole, upper, and tongue. The sole is of thick rawhide; the tongue and upper are of buckskin.

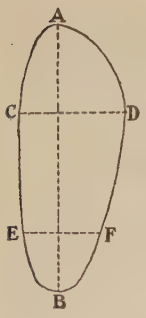


FIG. 21

For indoor wear, use white canvas for the tongue and upper. The sole may be cut from a piece of very thick felt.

It is best to begin by cutting out a pattern.

Let the child place his right foot, with the shoe removed, upon a piece of cardboard. Draw outline with a pencil and cut out with a pair of scissors, as in Fig. 21.

From another piece of cardboard cut out Fig. 22 for the upper. The sole and upper cut by these patterns will be for the right foot. For the left, turn the patterns over.

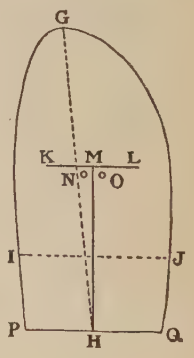


FIG. 22

For a child seven years of age the length of the sole, *AB* (Fig. 21), should be eight inches; width, *CD*, three and a half inches; width of heel, *EF*, two and a half inches.

The upper (Fig. 22) should measure nine inches at *GH*; width, *IJ*, four and a half inches.

Make the cuts *KL* and *MH* with a pair of scissors. The first should be halfway between the toe and heel and should be three inches in length.

FIG. 23

In the corners *N* and *O* pierce two holes. In these put a small leather string for lacing.

Sew the upper on the sole, beginning at the toe. The heel is made by sewing *HP* and *HQ* together. If the moccasin is turned wrong side out before sewing, the seams will be neater.

Cut out the tongue (Fig. 23) from a piece of canvas, three and a half inches long and three inches at the base *RS*. Sew to the upper so that *RS* shall join *KL*.

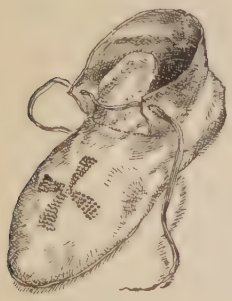


FIG. 24

The completed moccasin is shown in Fig. 24.

The Indians embroider their moccasins with beautiful beadwork or with stained quills of the porcupine. A pretty effect, not unlike embroidery, may be given by using thick velvet instead of canvas for the uppers. Blue, red, and yellow are the favorite colors.

FIG. 25

When canvas is used, beadwork may be imitated by cutting out designs in bright-colored cloth and sewing or even gluing to the uppers.

Fig. 25 is a common Dakota design. It represents the four cardinal points.

TRAVOIS

Before white men came, the Indians had no domestic beasts except dogs. These were trained to drag a kind of vehicle called a "travois." On this were packed the household goods whenever camp was moved.

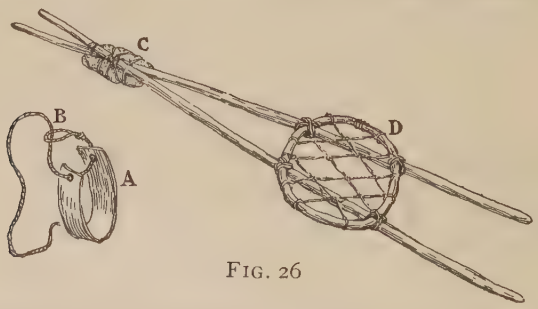


FIG. 26

The travois is made with collar and thong, two light poles, a basket, and a pad. The collar and thong are of rawhide (*A*, *B*, Fig. 26). The two poles are lashed at the smaller end, and the joint is covered with a pad of soft leather, *C*, stuffed with hair. The basket *D* is a willow hoop with a simple netting.

To harness the travois, the lashed ends of the poles are slipped into the noose of the thong *B* (Fig. 26), and the noose drawn taut. The thong is whipped twice or thrice around one of the poles and tied. It is then passed under the dog's body and tied again to the

FIG. 27

opposite pole, thus forming a girth. The harnessed dog is shown in Fig. 27.

If better materials are wanting the collar may be made of felt or of thick canvas. A twine or a leather shoestring will do for a thong, and willow sticks for poles. The latter should be two and a half times the length of the dog's body, measuring from the nose to the root of the tail.

Children will be interested to know that the travois basket often held a dark-eyed Indian baby.

WAR BONNET

The war bonnet, or ceremonial headdress, was made with eagles' feathers. These were fastened in a circle to a cap of buffalo skin.

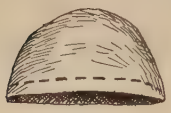


FIG. 28

A good imitation of a native war bonnet can easily be made.

Take an old hat of soft felt, cut off the brim, and remove the band (Fig. 28).

Get a dozen or more tail feathers of a turkey, — those of a white turkey are prettiest.

A

FIG. 29

Cut the shaft of each feather to a point, as in Fig. 29. With a small knife pierce two openings in the crown, just above the rim. Thrust the point of the quill *A* (Fig. 29) through the openings, as in Fig. 30, and double the point back into the

FIG. 30

FIG. 31

FIG. 32

hollow shaft, as in Fig. 31. This secures the feather to the felt crown.

Sew or tie a bit of red flannel around the base of the quill, as in Fig. 32.

Continue this process until the felt crown is surrounded with a circlet of feathers (Fig. 33). Fix these in place with a thread *B*, drawn through the shafts of the feathers with a needle.

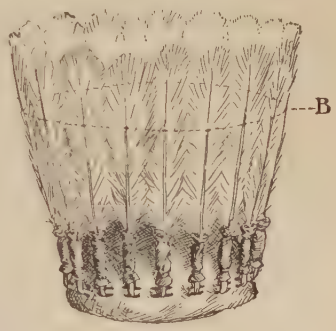


FIG. 33

QUIVER

The simplest form of quiver is shown in Fig. 34. Cut from canvas to fit size of arrows. It should rest on the right shoulder, held in place by a thong or belt. The latter should pass over the right shoulder and under the left arm.

FIG. 34

THE PIPE

The Indians carved beautiful pipes from soapstone or red pipestone.

Fig. 35 shows the common form. The stem (Fig. 36) is a piece of ash sapling from which the pith has been removed.

FIG. 35

FIG. 36

A pipe may be molded in modeling clay. A pine stick, cut like Fig. 36, will do for a stem.

The bowl may be made six inches in length, and the stem ten inches.

When smoking, the Indians sat on the ground, as in Fig. 37. In council they usually sat in a circle, and the pipe was passed from mouth to mouth.

FIG. 37

EXPLANATORY NOTES

I. LITTLE UGLY BOY

Tribe, Zuñi; **home,** western New Mexico

Zuñi houses are built of stone and are entered through a trapdoor in the roof. A ladder reaches from the roof to the ground. In times of danger the ladder is drawn up, making the house into a kind of fort.

As the houses are built in a solid block, the flat roofs serve for a court. It was quite natural for little Ugly Boy to address the villagers from his grandmother's roof.

II. WHY TURKEYS HAVE RED EYES

Tribe, Oto; **home,** southeastern Nebraska

This is, to an Indian, a highly moral tale. The unbecoming curiosity of the Turkeys and of the old Rabbit grandmother is properly punished.

Indians recorded important events by a rude kind of picture writing. Songs were often written in these picture symbols. Such, perhaps, are what the little Rabbit claimed to have in his robe.

Indian picture writing is described in Section XIV of Longfellow's *Hiawatha.*

III. THE SUN MAN AND THE MOON

Tribe, Omaha; **home,** eastern and central Nebraska

This is a quaint bit of Indian humor. Explain how the face, or part of the Moon that is light, is always turned toward the Sun. Perhaps it is because the Moon *is watching* the Sun as she follows him through the sky.

The Omahas and some other tribes built houses of split logs covered with clay. Such lodges were roomy and a good shelter against cold. Our western sod houses are thought by some to be modeled after these earth lodges.

IV. WUCHOWSON THE WIND BLOWER

Tribe, Passamaquoddy; **home,** about Passamaquoddy Bay, Maine

The pemmican which the Indian took as he started North was for food on the way. It was made of dried meat pounded fine and mixed with boiling fat. This was poured while hot into skin bags. A handful of pemmican lasted a traveler for a day.

V. THE LITTLE ICE MAN

Tribe, Cherokee; **home,** mountainous region of Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama

It will be noted that the chief addresses the old man in the council house as *grandfather.* This is a term of respect, — a common use of Indian kinship names. Generally our Indians had much respect for the aged.

Indians provided themselves with new moccasins before starting on a journey. Sometimes they even took extra pairs along.

The place of honor in a wigwam is that farthest from the door, on the opposite side of the fire. A seat here in winter time is warmest, and gives a ready view of any one entering the door.

VI. GLOOSKAP AND THE WINTER GIANT

Tribe, Micmac; **home,** New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence

When a deer was brought home it was left on the ground outside the wigwam. The women then went out and dressed the carcass.

It was proper for the Indian host to hand a lighted pipe to his guests. When they had smoked with him, he was bound by the same ties that bind an Arab to one who has eaten his salt. For the Winter Giant to

harm one who had smoked his pipe was a violation of sacred hospitality.

The time for story-telling was the long winter evenings. It was therefore fitting that the Winter Giant should entertain Glooskap with wonderful tales.

VII. THE FISHER WHO LET OUT SUMMER

Tribe, Chippewa; **home,** regions about Lake Superior

The Fisher is a fur-bearing animal of the weasel family. It is about the size of a cat.

It is said that the Chippewas have never made pottery. They carved bowls from wood or made them of birch bark. The household utensils of a wigwam are not numerous. For this reason it is still the custom among the Chippewas for each guest to bring his own eating bowl when invited to a feast.

For the Otter to laugh at the awkwardness of his host was in the highest degree discourteous. Hence the ill luck that pursued him.

The Fisher lying among the stars is the constellation of Charles's Wain, or the Big Dipper.

VIII. THE RAINBOW SNAKE

Tribe, Shoshoni; **home,** western Wyoming and neighboring regions

"No longer the rose pods grow." The Shoshonis did not plant corn. The seed pods of the wild rose were boiled and eaten by many of our western tribes.

IX. LITTLE SCAR FACE

Tribe, Micmac; **home,** New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence

Every Indian village had its council house, which served much the same purpose as a New England townhall.

The sledge is the familiar *toboggan*. It was made of strips of wood lashed together with thongs.

Mr. Leland believes this to be an old solar myth worked up with a part of the story of Cinderella. The latter could have been learned from the Canadian French.

Team means "moose," and by the Micmacs is pronounced in two syllables. The author has ventured to anglicize it to one.

X. HOW THE LITTLE RABBIT SNARED THE SUN

Tribe, Omaha; **home,** eastern and central Nebraska

The snare is a simple noose set in places where animals are wont to run. The Omahas lived in a prairie country where forest growths are found only along water courses. In such woodlands animals often made paths in going to water.

XI. THE MAGIC WIGWAM

Tribe, Passamaquoddy; **home,** about Passamaquoddy Bay, Maine

It is not long since every New England farmer laid in winter provisions of smoked meat, dried berries and sweet corn, and maple sugar.

The partridge is the ruffed grouse which feeds on the tender buds of the birch. The New England Indians used birch bark as a covering for their wigwams. This has a whitish appearance like snow.

XII. WHY THE BABY SAYS "GOO"

Tribe, Penobscot; **home,** valley of the Penobscot, Maine

Maple sugar was an important article of diet with the New England Indians, who taught the art of making it to the whites. The sap was collected in wooden troughs and was boiled into sirup by dropping into it red-hot stones.

XIII. THE WREN

Tribe, Cherokee; **home,** mountainous region of Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama

Hominy was made of maize, or Indian corn. The kernels were broken in a wooden mortar. Making hominy was girls' and women's work.

A small bow was put into the hands of every Indian boy. With this he was taught to shoot birds and small game. Hence the birds' lament.

XIV. THE GOOD GIANTS

Tribe, Micmac; **home,** New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence

The little dog pointing out land over the ocean is not wholly a myth. "Lieutenant Colonel Kennan . . . had an Eskimo dog which in the thickest fog would scent the land at a great distance and continually point to it" (Leland).

Dogs were domesticated by all the Indian tribes. They were used as beasts of burden and as watch-dogs. Their flesh was eaten by many tribes.

XV. THE LITTLE FAWN

Tribe, Omaha; **home,** eastern and central Nebraska

A deer's color is protective and blends with that of the thickets which the animal haunts. The under part of the tail, however, is white. When deer are frightened the tail is raised and the white "flag" is shown. In this way the members of the herd are able to follow one another.

A little fawn running with "flag" exposed makes a very funny sight.

Deer when startled give a kind of shrill snort. This is called the "whistle."

XVI. THE TURKEY MAIDEN

Tribe, Zuñi; **home,** western New Mexico

Turkeys were domesticated by the Mexican tribes. They were brought to Europe by the Spanish.

In old times the Zuñis owned large flocks of them. They were plucked for their feathers, like geese. The feathers were used in making the famous feather cloth.

Mantles of native cotton, such as the little Turkey Maiden wore, are still woven by the Zuñis. They are often beautifully embroidered.

XVII. THE FLYING HEAD

Tribe, Iroquois; **home,** central and northern New York

The Flying Head is the personification of the whirlwind or cyclone.

XVIII. OLD WINTER MAN AND THE SPRING MAIDEN

Tribe, Iroquois; **home,** central and northern New York

The Iroquois wigwam was a cabin of birch or elm bark. The door usually faced the rising sun and was closed by the skin of a deer or a bear. Stout-woven mats of rushes were spread upon the floor.

Such wigwams were apt to be smoky, but otherwise were fairly comfortable and warm.

For the Chippewa or Ojibway form of this myth, see Section II of *Hiawatha.*

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